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# IN MEMORIAM,



*Caroline Joy French Morton.*

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IN MEMORY

OF

CAROLINE JOY FRENCH MORTON,

WIFE OF J. STERLING MORTON,

OF

ARBOR LODGE, (NEAR) NEBRASKA CITY,

OTOE COUNTY, NEBRASKA.



100

SHEPARD & JOHNSTON, PRINTERS, 140, 142, 144, 146 MONROE ST., CHICAGO.

## NOTE.

Two principal motives have prompted the printing of this little book: one was to do homage to the memory of the subject of it; the other was to help and inspire others, and especially her children, to be as she was and to do as she did.

The record of her life is brief. It is strange that so little time should suffice to recount what the memory recalls of the events in the life of a dear one who has gone from us while the heart is full of affection and mourning. But no attempt is made here to give a record of all that may be recalled of a life very full of kindly acts. All that has been sought has been to give in the simplest narrative of facts a truthful portraiture of character.

It may help those who knew and loved her to remember her. It is hoped that it will help both them and others to follow her steps and to imitate her virtues.

J. M. WOOLWORTH.

CORTELANDT, OMAHA: CHRISTMAS, 1881.



## CAROLINE JOY MORTON.

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IF it has ever fallen to your lot to stand by the side of the form of a friend whom you have long dearly loved and whose spirit has gone forth, you have, I am very sure, been certain that this is not the end of life. All the cares and labors and toils, all the struggles and strifes and efforts which have filled these years, now over, could not have come to this impotent conclusion. The strenuous spirit which, growing day by day, had come to the full maturity of manhood or womanhood, could not have been now suddenly and forever quenched. Whatever your doubts before this experience came upon you, now you have an assurance that there is a life beyond death, and that in that life you will be conscious of one another and rejoice together again, and more, far more, than ever. It was to you the one consolation in the midst of a sorrow which would else have been despair.

Caroline Joy Morton was born on the 9th of August, 1833, at Hallowell, in Maine. Her father was Hiram Joy. He was of Irish descent. His ancestry, as far back as the family records in this country go, were sea-faring people. They who go down to the sea in ships learn to cast out fear, and meet danger and toil and watching with steady nerve and toughened muscle. Their children have a heritage of courage and resolution, and the breath of the salt sea air is their constant stimulant. Her mother was Caroline Hayden. She, too, was reared in the rugged hill country of Maine, and breathed the same strong air and dwelt among the same stern and vigorous scenes.

Hiram Joy, when a boy, was apprenticed to the trade of a saddler and harness-maker. Hard, steady, honest work was his lot, and he bent to it with a native fidelity and docility. And he had a strong desire to help himself. His education was such as the district school of those early days, in that new country, could give. It was not much, but what it was he made wholly his own. And so heritage and education and circumstance all contributed to make him a man—a strong, hard working, practical, tenacious man. In 1834 he removed to Detroit.

Michigan, and followed the trade to which he had been bred. He had early success in it, and kept to it with his natural force and tenacity. In the spring of 1835, after a violent illness of a few weeks, his wife died, leaving the little girl, who was the only pledge of their married life. They only who have had the same experience, or have seen close at hand others in like condition, can understand what a calamity and what a risk were here. The desolate father and the unconscious child,—what now should be their way in the world? He was of a temper and a training to find distraction in his work: but she, the little girl, not able to care for herself, nor even know the nature of her loss: according as she should fall into good hands or ill, so was she to be and so was to be her life. Of all sweet charities, the care for little friendless children is the sweetest—in hospitals and orphanages, if more cannot be done; but a home for the tender soul made its own by the love and pity of strangers is the best refuge. It is a sad thought of this world and the men and women in it, how many motherless children there are and how few such homes are open to them.

But happily the little Caroline was one of these few, and she

never ceased through all her years to bless her lot : and with good reason. Her mother had near neighbors whom she loved and trusted, and to whom had not come the gift of children : and with her dying breath she charged them with her baby, to rear in virtue and all godliness of living. Deacon David French and Cynthia Eldred French were fit to be so trusted : mild in their ways, loving in their natures, and Christian in their lives, they accepted the charge and they kept it with fidelity. Afterward she bore the name of Caroline Joy French. Until her marriage their house was her home, and till their death they were to her father and mother, and she was to them a daughter. In 1850 her father Joy removed from Detroit to Chicago. He met the usual vicissitudes of life, but accumulated an ample fortune, enjoyed general respect and confidence, and died in 1868.

Caroline was first sent to an Episcopal school in Canada, opposite Detroit, where she remained until she was nearly fourteen years old. She was then removed to the Wesleyan Seminary at Albion, Michigan, remaining there until nearly seventeen. She was then placed at the celebrated school for girls in Utica,



New York, which was under the charge of the Misses Kelley, graduating in her twentieth year. Her school life was much the same as that of such girls generally. Tractable, diligent, conscientious in the prompt performance of all her duties, and at the same time genial, vivacious, generous and happy, she was a favorite with teachers and scholars alike. To her Alma Mater she always bore a loving loyalty, and to the Misses Kelley a most affectionate respect and admiration. It always pleased her to speak of them and the school, and she did so as one appreciating what both had done for her.

While she thoroughly mastered what are generally called the solid studies of such schools, she was an apt and delighted pupil in music, drawing and painting. Her love of music was natural and very strong. She was well instructed upon the piano-forte. When she left school she was a very fine performer on that instrument, her years being considered; and in the other arts she showed taste, skill, and a desire to excel. So many young ladies do something in these ways and give promise of excellence, that it may seem superfluous to mention them. The difference is, that generally when the serious cares of life

press upon them they cease their practice, and soon lose the skill which they have gained: while all through her life she almost daily found time, in the midst of many duties and occupations, to study and improve herself in these accomplishments.

Her best education was at home. Through her girlhood her foster-parents loved her tenderly, as the best natural parent loves his own child. But their affection was judicious. She was made to understand that her business in her girlhood was to do everything, and omit nothing, that would improve her physical, mental and moral nature. She was taught that health, charity, and regard and respect for others, were as necessary as any advantage personal to herself. Definite religious training was imparted. The clear, decisive, positive teachings of religion were constantly impressed upon her mind, and she accepted them with docility and faith. She never forgot them; and when in her turn children were given to her, she seriously and rigidly imposed on them what she had received. But she was not only taught all sound religious knowledge, but she was trained to the conscientious performance of religious duties. She

was not reared in a dark, austere, formal, ascetic system. Religion was to her the thankful enjoyment of all the good gifts of God, and her service to her divine Lord was willing, sweet and sincere.

There was also another line of instruction for her. Her mother carefully taught her the duties of good housewifery. The art of wholesome cooking, and the other work of the well-regulated kitchen, and the care and service of chamber, dining-room and parlor, were familiar to her even as a child. And amidst it all was one lesson of prime value which she learned and never forgot: it was the ethics of use and the immorality of waste. She was generous: she was made on too large and liberal a mould to be penurious, or to deny to herself or her children, or any others whose pleasure was in her care, any proper indulgence: but she was taught that wastefulness, even in the little things about the house, as well as criminal extravagance, was wrong and led to other wrongs.

At this time she was in person and mien a striking and handsome young woman: tall, slender, vigorous, active and graceful, with luxuriant brown hair, hazel eyes, clear dark com-

plexion, always dressed with taste and a due regard to occasion and circumstance, she was observed and admired by all who saw her. Her genial, cordial, gentle manners; her direct, honest, vivacious conversation; her pure, truthful, sincere nature, drew to her the affections of all who knew her.

Her circumstances were very happy. Her father lavished upon his only child all his affections; and they who stood to her as father and mother were very indulgent, giving her all that wealth can buy and the largest freedom consistent with their Christian convictions and teachings. And so it was that, inheriting from her ancestry, hardened by the sea, a strong, resolute and vigorous nature, receiving from those who were charged with her care the nurture and training of loving, Christian parents, and educated in the best methods of the best schools, she entered upon the duties and responsibilities of life an admirable Christian woman. Everybody wished her Godspeed.

At the age of fourteen she was engaged to be married to him who became her husband. Nor in all her girlhood had she any experience incompatible with her promise, nor did her heart ever for a moment draw back from it. In fulfillment of

that early betrothal, on the 30th of October, 1854, at the residence of Mr. David French, corner of Congress and Brush streets, Detroit, she was married to J. Sterling Morton by the Rev. Joshua Cooke, minister of the Jefferson Avenue Presbyterian Church of that city. The young husband was her senior about a year: he had been educated at the University of Michigan and Union College. He inclined to adopt journalism as his profession. On the day of their marriage the young pair bade adieu to the homes of their youth and turned their faces westward, to make for themselves a home in Nebraska. It was a new land. Six months had not passed since the Indians had ceded to the United States their title to this territory. Few pioneers had penetrated its borders. It was an absolutely unoccupied and vacant country.

There was a certain romance in this adventure. They gave up homes that had been made for them and the ministries which had there waited on them, the culture and elegancies to which they were wont, the indulgences and pleasures of cities and of competence, for a new land where even grain for food was yet to be sown, houses to be built, and the first

foundations of society to be laid. They came in a spirit of adventure, to do for themselves what their fathers had done before them; to begin their lives with the life of a new community, to impress themselves on its institutions, and become a part of that great moral and political establishment which should fill these regions with a consistent, organized and beneficent society. It was the same large spirit which from the earliest history of men has driven them always westward from the homes of their childhood to new countries, where they should plant new seats and establish a new civilization.

This young woman, vigorous with the nature which she inherited from a stalwart ancestry, brave, resolute, self-reliant, joined her young husband in this work, and bore her part in it with a heart never for a moment doubtful of the issue. The sequel shows that she was of the right stuff for the task, and that her reward was equal to the effort and the sacrifice.

How far their new home was from the place of their childhood may be seen by tracing their journey and the modes of their travel. They went by rail from Chicago to Alton on the Mississippi river, thence to St. Louis on that river by steamer;

from St. Louis up the Missouri to St. Joseph by steamboat, and from there to Council Bluffs by stage. The whole distance occupied seven full days and nights of hard, tedious riding.

Early in November, 1854, Mrs. Morton was settled with her husband in Bellevue. Bellevue was the initial point of settlement in the new Territory. For many years before, Col. Peter A. Sarpy, representative of the American Fur Company, had here a trading post at which many treaties between the Government and the Indians were negotiated and executed. Here, too, was the extensive mission, of the Presbyterian Church, to the Omahas, under the charge of the Rev. William Hamilton. The governor of the Territory, Hon. Francis Burt, had established himself at Bellevue, and it was expected that it would be made the capital of the new Territory.

The home of the young pioneers was a log cabin of two rooms. It was upon the bluff, about a mile below where the depot of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad Company now stands, and where the Missouri sweeps by in a wide and easy curve. In the mild, sunny fall of the year the spot was one of beauty. The valley, dressed in the dull russet of the

season, stretched many miles away: the view was met to the east by rugged bluffs far beyond the river on the Iowa side, and by gentle soft hills on the west: while up and down, the river, its current not turbid to the view, but silvered in the distance, ran on in its quiet course through miles and miles of the sleepy valley. Below the bluff on which the cabin stood, all that remained of the tribe of the Omahas had their tepees, and were the nearest neighbors of the new comers.

It was a strange experience for the young wife. She was almost alone. In the little hamlet the only other women were the wives of the Hon. Fenner Ferguson, the Rev. William Hamilton, Mr. Tozier, Mr. Israel Bennett, and perhaps one or two others whose names cannot be recalled. With her own hands she cooked such hard fare as could be had, and performed all the other offices of the little home. But there was no sigh for the good things left behind: no contrasting the hard present with the pleasant past. She looked with careful and abiding hope and faith to the future, always seeing in it honor and abundance and happiness for her and for him to whom she had given herself. There came often to them others



who had entered on the same life, to claim their hospitality and their cheer, and a hearty welcome and brave words were given out of a generous and sympathizing heart. Many of these guests are gone, but some remain who recall with peculiar pleasure the humble home, the young wife, the cheerful, merry words, the welcome, and the generous hospitality.

In a few weeks after his arrival in the Territory, Governor Burt died. The Hon. Thomas B. Cumming, the Secretary, succeeded to the executive, and convened the first Legislature at Omaha, where the capital was permanently fixed.

This dampened the hopes of Bellevue, and in April, 1855, Mr. Morton and his wife removed to Nebraska City. He "claimed" the tract of land near that city, where they were always afterward to live, and in June they began to build the home which is known as Arbor Lodge.

Here now began in truth the real work of life: the making of a home in which should dwell not only herself, of whom she took the least account, but her husband and the children who should be given them; in which should dwell, besides, the undoubting affections of husband and wife, the kindly charities

of generous souls, the woman's ministries for all within the household, and the reverent, constant and faithful obedience of God's holy will and commandments.

The place was the naked prairie, except where a little stream with wooded banks divided the field in two. The strong, heavy grass formed a tough sod which had never been broken. No sign of the white man's abode or steps was anywhere to be seen. It was an utter solitude, save as the bright sun shone through the clear, dry air down upon the green grass, ever waving in the continual wind. The young people together marked the space for the house: a slight elevation, from which could be seen the wide valley and the distant hill on which Kearney was afterward built. The house was a long, one-story building, with ample porch in front. Its rooms were, for the country and the time, large, and all its parts betokened comfort and hospitality. It was the good beginning of a home. The wife entered most heartily into the work of reclaiming from its wild nature the land about, joining to her husband's her own taste in laying off roads and lanes, and planting trees and shrubs and hedges. The tough sod was broken and sown,

fences were built, and avenues of trees were marked and planted. The work went on year by year. The soil became soft and tractable under abundant culture. The orchards of all fruits of this climate were planted, a few acres at first, more and more every year; barns, stables, sheds and cribs for grain were built. The animals of the farm, of the best blood, were bought and bred and reared. Flowers and flowering shrubs and vines, and evergreens in great abundance, attested the woman's presence. Time lent its aid; and the whole, along with the mistress and the family, trees of ornament and fruit, hedges and vines and flowers, under her nursing oversight grew, until Arbor Lodge, with its more than seventy acres of orchard of every kind of fruit, and all its other acres rich and mellow, and rejoicing in the good culture it had received, became a very bower, well described by the name it bore.

It was not, of course, all her work; but it was all work done under her inspiration. She knew every tree and shrub and vine, and of each had some sweet memory, and many were called by names given by her or her boys in token and memorial of some sweet association. There was the little comfer

brought by her own hand from the mountains, and guarded now by a stone, marked with an inscription none can read without a tear. There was the apple tree of special flavor, whose fruit she most enjoyed, and known as "Mother's Tree." And so it was all about. The place is now, to those who loved her most, all alive in every spot with memories of her: her spirit, as it formed and guided and nourished, seems now to dwell in every thing.

A few years ago the house, which had shared the constant growth, room being added to room, as there was need, was too straightened for the family, and was unequal to the taste and wishes of its mistress. The faithfulness and real poetry of the dwellers in it now showed themselves. The house was not abandoned or cast away and a new one built. The very timbers and frame and structure of the old one were sacred. Whatever greater elegance might be had in a new house, it could never have the far higher grace of association. And so it was kept, built upon and rebuilt, and there it stands to-day, an ample, handsome, delightful mansion, but still the house in which this gentleman and lady began their life and have reared their children.

It is within the renovated, enlarged and rebuilt house that Mrs. Morton is most seen. Music of the best and highest order always sounded through this home, and there stands the piano which shall never more under her skilled fingers sing for us songs without words. Upon it is the cover those same fingers embroidered; and so clothed are table, chair and sofa in every room. Paintings of decided merit, irrespective of the painter's name, are on the walls,—some her own work and some her choice. Bric-a-brac, some collected, and much more decorated or made by her, are everywhere. The whole house seems written all over, in every place, with the sacred words, “wife and mother,” for all was done by her for husband and for sons. What a contrast was Arbor Lodge when her eyes closed on it forever and when first they saw it: and what a life to have wrought that work!

Her first boy, Joy, was born in Detroit, on the 27th of September, 1855. Then, on the 22d of May, 1857, came Paul, in the same place. Mark was born on the 22d of November, 1858, at the hotel in Omaha then known as the Herndon House, now occupied by the Union Pacific Railroad Company

for its general offices: and Carl was born at Arbor Lodge on the 18th of February, 1865.

Arbor Lodge is Mrs. Morton's memorial: but she lives truly in these sons. As she in her youth had been trained and educated with care, affection, a discreet indulgence and well tempered severity, so she reared her children. What most she taught them was truth, sincerity, fidelity, respect for men and reverence for God. Much she did by precept, but far more by constant and intimate companionship. She entered heartily into all that interested them. Together they often went out, with generous provision for the hunger which was sure to come, and spent the whole day in the fields and woods, gathering nuts, lichens, ferns, shrubs and flowers: always carefully disposing of the treasures that they brought home, so that they might afterward be put to use. And often, too, they passed the whole day together in the house, enjoying music, games, reading, and the telling of tales full of humor and fun. In the midst of all she was the heedful mother, correcting faults and approving what was good: and also a sister, putting no restraint on any of them, and sharing every feeling, impulse and emotion. The

mother was in this woman. How her eyes were gladdened by what she saw! She held her early marriage to be the happy circumstance of her life, and she rejoiced that the same good fortune came to Joy and Paul; and when they brought their wives to her, she took them to her heart as daughters. Those were the radiant days of her life.

She was too good a woman ever to forget that when she was a little motherless child a kind friend had taken her home and reared her with judicious care. She was always remembering this when she saw another such an one, and her heart went out to it with especial tenderness and sympathy. Her friend Mrs. Chandler died very suddenly, leaving behind a little one who needed a home and a mother's care. She took the little Dela to Arbor Lodge to rear and train and make a woman of, such as others had made her. With what love and tenderness and patience and judicious care she did her duty to the child, and with what anxiety she gave up the charge when she gave up all the rest of the world, they only know who saw it all.

In 1858, Mr. Morton was appointed Secretary of the Terri-

tory, and much of his term he was acting Governor. The duties of his office called him to the capital, and he had his family with him. Omaha, at that time, was a town of perhaps two thousand inhabitants. There were enough to make a pleasant society, but not so many but all could know one another. During her residence there Mrs. Morton entered very heartily into social life. She was genial, affable, charitable. She was at this time a handsome lady: perhaps she never appeared to better advantage than she did then. Many who shared that early life remember her as she was then with especial pleasure. But it was in the society of her own home that she held the largest place. In the earliest days, when hospitality was a necessity, she learned, if ever she needed to learn, to exercise it generously and graciously. Her door was always open to all comers. The poor were never sent empty away, and her friends shared whatever she had with an unlimited freedom. Arbor Lodge was always a gay house. It was a place of dancing and games and jollity. The young especially resorted thither with an assurance of welcome and pleasure.

And there was another charity which this good lady exer-



cised: the care and help of the poor. Those whom others did not care for she took as her own charge. There was a poor half-breed Indian boy, who had been put at the school near Nebraska City by his father, but who had been neglected by him. He drifted away from good influences, and at last committed some trifling offense, for which he was lodged in jail. The story accidentally came to Mrs. Morton's ears, and at once she set about securing his release and providing him with proper care. She asked no aid in the task, but went about from man to man all over the town, getting their signatures to a petition for his discharge: and having gained that, she collected money to send him to his father, seven hundred miles away. When a neighbor told her that her servant, a poor motherless girl, aspired to be a teacher, Mrs. Morton adopted the case as especially her own charge. She inspired the girl to educate herself and then to secure a place in the country to teach. When she was suffering excruciating pains in her last sickness she heard that there was a vacancy in the High School in Nebraska City, which she thought the young teacher could fill. Dr. E. M. Whitten, her attending physician, was a member

of the Board of Education, and she besought his aid. He discouraged the effort, because there were many other applicants who had friends of influence. But Mrs. Morton was not to be put off; indeed, in the very fact that the girl was friendless she found reason for her appointment. The evening came on which the election by the board was to be had. The doctor was attending her, but, suffering greatly as she was, she refused his services, and charged him to hasten to the meeting and tell the members that this was a poor friendless girl, who had educated herself and was worthy of the place: that she would go to them in person and beg the appointment but she was too ill to do so: and from her sick bed she asked this favor of them. When the doctor came the next morning, heedless of her own condition, her first question was, "What did the Board do?" When told that they had unanimously granted her request, the expression of gratitude and happiness on her worn and emaciated features told of the self-forgetful, generous nature of the invalid. Her suffering only made her more heedful of others. Her approach to the gates of Paradise made her spirit more than ever loving and charitable.

Mrs. Morton was not a highly intellectual lady: she made no such pretensions. Her numerous occupations and her imperious duties in so many directions did not leave her time or strength or inclination for studies and labors of a severe character: but she was thoroughly intelligent. She kept well up with current literature and with passing events. She was well informed upon the topics which occupied public attention, political, social and religious, and she discussed them with discrimination and temperance.

The relations of Mr. and Mrs. Morton were singularly happy. It was in their childhood that they plighted their affections, and in their early maturity that they were married. There was too much force and vigor in the wife for the man to outgrow or weary of her. With no separate wish or ambition, but with common purposes and common views of life, its just modes and aims, they were each the complement of the other, and the two together were one. To her, her husband was the admirable man. She shared his trials, his hopes, his disappointments, his ambitions, his growth, and rejoiced to be in all good and ill fortune his true helpmeet. To be his wife in all

service and affection was her pride and joy. This was the peculiar felicity of a very happy life.

And now, just as the hard work was done and the full reward was at hand, the end came. The beautiful house, the perfected homestead, rooms and decorations, trees, flowers, walks and drives, animals and servants, and friends and sons and husband, memories, charities, friendships, affections, and the dear light of day,—just when they were most cherished, were all to be given up. She looked back on all these blessings, not with repining, but with devout gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts. She looked forward with the same courage and faith which she bore through life. She always had a perfect contentment with what was given her; she had realized all she aspired to. In her last illness, she said: “My sons have never made my hair gray. Very few women have lived so long and so happily in a human home and shed so few tears as I.” It was her habit during her husband’s absence to keep a daily diary. The last entry is dated February 2, 1882. She writes: “I am suffering great pain to-day, but perhaps when the trees blossom again and the birds begin to sing I shall be better; but

when I look around me and see how comfortable a home I have, I feel very thankful, and had almost as lief be sick as not."

Mrs. Morton, by a fall on the third day of July, 1880, injured her knee. She gave it little attention, and shortly afterward had another misfortune with it. She suffered great pain. The best medical attendance failed to relieve her, and the disease progressed rapidly. During her illness prayers were read for her at every service in St. Mary's Church, where she was a communicant, the knowledge of which was a great comfort and help to her. Her rector visited her frequently, and prayed with her and for her, and administered the help and consolations of the church. A few days before her death she called her husband and her eldest son to her bedside, and said: "Let me read the prayer for the sick." She wished to read it herself, to express her prayer to her heavenly Father with more fervency. She read it with clear and decided, but pathetic and pleading, tones, and then committed to Him the issue.

The last day was the 29th day of June. She lay in the library, the windows of which open to the east and receive the first light of the coming day. The time was sunrise. The win-

dows were open, and the first warm breath of the morning came in fresh and sweet from the fields and flowers. Her breath was drawn with the sound of a lullaby, as though hushing a babe to sleep; the same note she had used when quieting her infant children. Joy said, "Paul and Mark cannot get here. They will never see you in life again. Won't you send them a kiss by me?" She kissed him twice distinctly and perfectly. It was the last conscious act to send a kiss to each absent son. She closed her eyes and the heart was still. The night was over and the day had come.

The late afternoon of the second day following Mrs. Morton's death, Arbor Lodge was the scene of a striking event, which was in harmony with her life. By common consent all business in Nebraska City was suspended and the pall of mourning was upon all the silent and empty streets. About four o'clock the people of the town and multitudes from every part of the county, and representatives from all portions of the State, took their way toward the desolate home. There were all classes in the company; but most to be observed was the throng of the poor and of those not largely blessed with worldly

means. The number of them was very great, and the sorrow of face and tone and manner spoke of a personal bereavement. They to whose wants had for so many years been given kindly and untiring ministries : they whose misfortunes and sorrows had been cheered by words and acts of thoughtful sympathy : they who had seen this life of tender, vigilant and unselfish service for others : all came to this mansion with their other fellow citizens and fellow mourners for the one common purpose.

It was a June afternoon, and, save in the hearts of this throng of people, all was peaceful and sweet. Her own four sons, Joy, Paul, Mark and Carl, carried her forth, assisted by four of the near friends of the family. With the setting of the sun she was laid to rest in the cemetery, Wyuka, and the grave was strewn with flowers by the hands of her own boys.

The little field thus consecrated by the sacred dust now deposited in it has been fitly marked. A shaft, twenty feet high and three feet in diameter at the base, has been erected in the midst. It is in the form of the trunk of a forest tree, which has been riven and broken at the top. At its base lie fitly disposed emblems of the life now ended—a sheet with the

music and words "Rock of Ages," the needles and materials of embroidery, the painter's palette, pencils and brushes, graceful ferns and large lilies, a vase upon its side with broken lilies, and ivy twining to the top. One branch hangs, symbolizing the broken life. Upon the opposite side is the cavity of a decayed knot, in which are three fledglings which have left the nest; while on the top of the trunk, looking down upon her little ones, is the anxious mother, and one other, the youngest of the brood, under her wing. The little field is protected by a fence of stone, the base being a perfect resemblance of rows of stumps of trees cut to a uniform height, upon which are logs lying horizontally as they are laid in a log house.

The whole is symbolic of a life in the new country, in familiar sympathy with nature in her tenderest moods.

The inscription is: CAROLINE, wife of J. STERLING MORTON. Died at Arbor Lodge, June 29, 1884, aged 47 years. She was the mother of Joy, Paul, Mirk and Carl Morton.



## THE SUNDAY AFTER BURIAL AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

On the Sunday following the burial of Mrs. Morton there was a special mark of the event at St. Mary's Church, Nebraska City. Mrs. Morton had been a faithful, earnest worker in the church. Something of its beauty is due to her, and her death was felt by each of the congregation as a personal bereavement. Though there had been no announcement, there was expectation that some allusion would be made to her death. The service was the usual morning prayer of the Church, the Rev. Mr. O'Connell, the rector, officiating.

In commencing his sermon, Mr. O'Connell referred to Rev. xiv. 13 :

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, From hence forth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

He said :

With sad hearts and tearful eyes we joined, dear brethren, last Thursday, in the long and mournful cortège which followed to the grave the mortal  
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remains of our dear departed sister, Mrs. Morton — one who again and again joined with us so heartily in the prayers and praises of our beloved Church, and knelt again and again with us at this sacred Altar to partake of the blessed memorial of Christ's dying love.

We all know of her intense suffering during her long and painful illness, and with what great patience and brave fortitude she bore it all.

Never before have I stood beside the sick bed of any one who suffered so much, and yet was so patient and uncomplaining; and never have I come away from that bed of languishing without being myself greatly refreshed and strengthened in my own soul.

When the holy season of Lent began I sent her that most excellent devotional book, Bishop Huntington's "New Helps to a Holy Lent."

She faithfully read the portions assigned for each day, and also diligently followed the Lenten service in her Prayer Book, which she kept ever close to her pillow, till the unfortunate accident which so prostrated her as to make it impossible for her to read herself.

Three times did I arrange, with her most willing consent, for the administration of the Holy Communion; but when the appointed days came for the reception of this sacred mystery, which is the source of so much grace and blessing to the soul of the worthy recipient, her physicians thought it would be better to postpone its administration, owing to her great weakness and the absolute necessity to keep her as far as possible from all excitement.

But it is consoling for us to know that in such cases all that God requires is the earnest desire of the heart to avail ourselves of the means of grace which He has appointed for our spiritual sustenance and comfort.

Nothing that could be done to prolong her valuable life was left undone.

The kindest nurses were secured, and the best medical skill, both in the State and out of it, was summoned to her aid by her devoted husband, who himself, forsaking his varied business interests, watched so untrudgingly for many weeks by her bed of pain. But our heavenly Father's good time for taking His daughter home had come; and when He sees that the time is opportune for removing His children from this "vale of tears" to the better and brighter land, which He has prepared for them, no earthly efforts of human skill can detain them here.

In the death of Mrs. Morton, the poor, the distressed, and the forlorn stranger have lost a friend whose place cannot easily be supplied. Her generous, womanly heart always beat in sympathy with the wants and woes and sorrows of mankind.

I remember well how, one Sunday night several months ago, she rushed up to me after the service with the exclamation, "Mr. O'Connell, do you know that poor Willie B—— is in jail? He is a *baptized* member of our church, and we must do our best to get him out as soon as possible." This was a poor Indian lad, upon whom the law had laid its strong hand for an offense which, in a son of our more favored race, would remain unnoticed and unpunished. But Mrs. Morton had determined that Willie, though an unfortunate Indian, should not lick a friend. In a few days, chiefly through her energetic efforts, his pardon was procured, and the ponderous gate of Nebraska City Jail swung open for his liberation.

Having obtained his pardon, she next put into my hands the means necessary to defray his expenses to C——, where we knew he would be well cared for by his father and the members of his tribe. If no kind influential friend had interposed, a case might be made out against him, which would

doubtless result in his being sent for one or more years to the penitentiary, which would in all probability accomplish his ruin for life.

I shall never forget the tears of joy which he shed when I told him of his pardon, and the blessings which he invoked upon the head of our departed sister, to whom he owed such a deep debt of gratitude.

The instance which I have mentioned is but one out of many, which you doubtless recall, of her never-failing kindness to the poor and needy.

As an evidence of her devotion to the church, I have only to remind you that much of the renovated beauty and comfort of the building in which we worship to-day is largely owing to the untiring energy of our dear departed sister, and her affectionate, intimate friend, Mrs. D. P. Rolfe. Nay, more, the very graveyard, where now rest her remains, bears many lasting traces of her philanthropic efforts.

But it is needless for me to multiply instances. I will only add, that in the death of Mrs. Morton the poor have lost a true and unfailing friend; the church has lost one of its most influential members; society has lost one of its brightest ornaments; the Town and State have lost one of its most enterprising, public-spirited citizens, and I feel that I have lost a true, sympathizing friend.

She will be missed in the church, missed in the town, missed in the county, missed in the State, missed—sadly missed—at home, missed every where.

Happy are the dead who die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them.

## HONORING THE DEAD.

We, the undersigned business men of Nebraska City, in token of our respect and sympathy for J. Sterling Morton and the surviving members of his family, as well as our tender regard for the sacred memory of his deceased wife, and in remembrance of the fact that she was one of the pioneers of Nebraska City and ever foremost in its kindest and most hearty charity, and that her life-long interests have been so largely identified with ours, we hereby agree to close our several places of business during the time of her funeral on the 30th day of June, 1881.

JOHN STEINHART,  
SLOAN & BACON,  
TOMLIN, DUFF & Co.,  
MOSE KAUFMAN,  
RICHTER & WILHELMY,  
L. WESSEL & Co.,  
WM. HAMMOND,  
E. S. HAWLEY & Co.,  
JAS. REED & BRO.,  
W. C. LAMBETH & BRO.,  
J. W. WALDSMITH,  
BISCHOF & ZIMMERER,  
KARSTENS & BACHLER,  
MRS. GILBERT,  
LLOYD & WEIMER,  
DAWSON COLLINS,  
F. W. ROITMAN,  
R. H. DICKY,  
NOTTING & KETTEL,

S. H. CALHOUN,  
S. J. FARRIS,  
R. M. ROLFE & Co.,  
SAMPLE STORE,  
ALEX. CALMAGLI,  
A. F. MOERING,  
S. H. MORRISON,  
LORTON & POLLS,  
ROEL HAWK,  
JOHN H. DAHL,  
A. JOHNSON,  
J. H. HENSEL,  
PHILIP POTTER & Co.,  
H. AIRD & Co.,  
C. C. BICKEL,  
H. H. BARTLING,  
J. W. ANDERSON,  
LEWIS RING,  
C. H. KOREL,

## NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

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### IN MEMORIAM.

Intelligence of the death of Mrs. J. Sterling Morton will sadden the hearts of many among our Omaha readers this morning. For such we cannot hope to add aught befitting to the words of manly sympathy spoken by a long time personal friend of Mr. Morton's family in our columns this morning. As respects the afflicted husband and sons, it is a satisfaction to know that in principle, sentiment and action, their lives have been such that we may bespeak for them the only consolation possible in the supreme earthly affliction -- the consoling conviction of an immortality which shall be made "blessed" by reunion, in more perfect life with the loved and lost. To the late Mrs. Morton that beautiful and gracious poem of Wordsworth, "A Phantom of Delight," has true and rare application:

"A perfect woman, nobly planned  
To warn and counsel and command,"

and these qualities, which so adorned and ennobled the home life whose little world she created for father and children, displayed in manly and upright characters whose foundations she wrought, will by their sweet, all-permeating presence, not more recall the womanly spirit gone to its rest than reconcile those who remain behind for a season, to a parting which is tolerable only because it is but for a time, and is the prelude to a final and joyous restoration.

The funeral services will be held at Nebraska City, at six o'clock this afternoon. We learn that several of our citizens with their families will attend, and we need not assure Mr. Morton that the sorrowful duty which calls them to his side is one which would be gratifying to hundreds of our people to join with them in manifesting.—*Omaha Republican*.

#### DEATH OF MRS. J. STERLING MORTON.

The telegraph informs us of the death of Mrs. J. Sterling Morton. She died at her home, Arbor Lodge, near Nebraska City, at an early hour yesterday.

This is sad news to a large circle of friends who, well knowing that she had long been dangerously ill, had still hoped for a favorable result. These hopes were perhaps based on her great natural vigor and courage, her skillful medical attendance, and the tender care of her loving friends, rather than upon the symptoms of the disease with which she had long struggled for life.

Mrs. Morton came to Nebraska about the year 1854. She was then a young and beautiful bride, and Nebraska was a wilderness, great only in territorial extent and future possibility.

She came here to make her *home* in Nebraska. How grandly she succeeded let those attest who have enjoyed her gentle hospitality; who have seen her, the *queen*, preside with such gracious dignity over her *home kingdom*. Gifted with wonderful physical and mental vigor, few women have done so much and so successfully in woman's varied spheres. Active in her own church and its work, she was yet ever alive to the charitable demands of that great common humanity, irrespective of all sects and all creeds. Devoted to her home life and home duties, she yet found time to be a leader in society and the life of a large social circle.

As wife, as mother, as *woman*, her work was nobly done; and although to us blind mortals it seems hard that she should be cut off in the very *meridian* of her life, yet the good Lord knew that her work was fully done — that the tired one should rest.

Of a beautiful home now darkened forever — of four noble boys, now, with one exception, grown to worthy manhood — above all, of him who now, more than ever before, knows the meaning of *desolation*, what shall we say? What can we say? Only this — that if to suffering, sorrowing mortals the sympathy of their fellows is valuable and precious, then they are rich indeed.

P. W. HITCHCOCK.

NOTE — The above were the last lines ever written, for publication, by ex United States Senator Hitchcock. He died and was buried within a week after this generous tribute of a great heart to the memory of the wife of his earnest friend.

#### A GOOD WOMAN GONE.

A telegram from Nebraska City, received yesterday, brings the sad intelligence that Mrs. Morton, wife of Hon. J. Sterling Morton, departed this life at her home near Nebraska City at an early hour yesterday morning. Mrs. Morton has been a resident of Nebraska for the past twenty-seven years, and was loved and respected by all who knew her. She leaves a husband and four sons to mourn her loss. The *Journal* extends its sympathies to the bereaved family in their great affliction. — *State Journal*.



## A NOBLE WOMAN GONE.

The following very sad telegram, received this afternoon, explains itself:

NEBRASKA CITY, June 29, 1881.

TO GENERAL VICTOR VIEQUAIN,

Editor *Democrat*, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Mrs. Morton died this A.M. Funeral at 6 P.M. Thursday.

"LOI" BROWN.

And so, after nearly five months of the most intense suffering, she who was the idol of her family, the pride of the community wherein she lived and of her many friends, has been obliged to answer the last long roll-call! Why, then, such suffering? The fortitude of this noble woman has been that of a hero. No words of ours are adequate to the occasion, and we very closely feel the pangs of sorrow that have stricken the family of J. Sterling Morton.—*Lincoln Democrat*.

## DEATH OF MRS. J. STERLING MORTON.

Mrs. J. Sterling Morton died at her home, Arbor Lodge, at 8:30 A.M. on Wednesday, June 29th, 1881, aged 47 years.

Mrs. Morton was one of those perfect women whom, when we see, we are not conscious of their attributes, only conscious of their presence. No pen can write truly her eulogy. Her tender, loving nature, her benevolence, her home, her noble sons, are her eulogy. Who could ask a nobler?

And who can grieve too much? What time shall end  
Our mourning for so dear a friend?

The funeral will take place to-day, at 5 P.M., from Arbor Lodge.—*Nebraska Press*, June 30.

## MRS. J. STERLING MORTON.

THE TRIBUTE PAID TO HER MEMORY BY A COMPARATIVE STRANGER.

*Editor Democrat :*

In your last evening's paper I saw with sorrow the notice of the death of Mrs. J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska City.

It was the privilege of the writer, in company with Rev. G. W. Elwood, to enjoy the hospitality of Arbor Lodge for a week during the session of the Nebraska Methodist Conference last October.

Mrs. Morton made her home most agreeable to all by the exhibition of so many of the Christian graces. Myself and friend were met at the door by Mrs. Morton and assured of a cordial welcome.

In her home of luxury Mrs. Morton was the truly cultivated Christian lady. All felt the charm thrown around that beautiful home. Christian hospitality so spontaneous is seldom seen connected with luxury. My friend and myself were made to feel that Arbor Lodge belonged to us, or that we were a part of the family.

It is true, "she shall return no more to her home; neither her home know her any more." Sad is the thought that the keystone has fallen out of that home arch. The pall of death is thrown over that quiet home.

The society she graced, the church of which she was an honored member, will long feel the loss. But the fragrance of her Christian character will long be felt by all who knew her. Many that have shared the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Morton would be glad to sit, as did Job's friends, in silence for days, and weep with this family so bereaved. May the mantle of love worn by the deceased fall upon the husband and children.

P. W. HOWE.

## PASSED OVER.

DEATH OF MRS. J. STERLING MORTON, THIS MORNING.

Just as the clock was striking eight, this morning, the spirit of Mrs. Caroline J. Morton, wife of J. Sterling Morton, ascended to the God who gave it, and all her earthly trials and sufferings were over. Since January last she has been confined to her bed with *arthritis*, one of the most painful diseases known, and has suffered almost everything. During the last two months but little hopes were entertained for her recovery; still she did not complain, but bore her suffering with fortitude and resignation. About a week ago she began to show signs of failing, and this morning

"She passed to peaceful slumber like a child,  
The while attendant angels bant the dream,  
On which she rode to Heaven."

Mrs. Morton was born in Maine, in 1833; at an early age moved to Detroit, Michigan, where she grew into womanhood. She was married at Detroit, October 30, 1854, and with her husband came to this, then unsettled, country, arriving here in November, 1854. They remained at Omaha and Bellevue until April, 1855, when they came to this city. Upon their arrival here Mr. Morton preëmpted one hundred and sixty acres one mile west of town—now known as Arbor Lodge—where her death occurred. Coming into this country when she did, she was compelled to unlergo all the dangers, hardships and inconveniences to which pioneer life is subject. She witnessed the growth of the city from nothing to what it now is, and died surrounded by all the luxuries that money could purchase.

Mrs. Morton was a kind and indulgent mother, an earnest Christian, and

an active worker in the cause of the church. She has been prominently identified with all charitable enterprises of the city, always ready to help the sick and needy or visit and care for those who required assistance. She will also be sadly missed in the social circle which she so graced.

She leaves a husband, four sons, and a large circle of friends, to mourn her loss. — *Nebraska City News*.

The funeral of Mrs. J. Sterling Morton took place Thursday afternoon, at five o'clock, from the family residence, and the remains were followed to their last resting-place by a large number of friends in this city and from abroad. The pall bearers were the four sons of the deceased—Paul, Mark, Joy and Carl Morton. They were assisted by Messrs. D. P. Rolfe, Lyman Richardson, L. E. Moore and A. A. Brown.—*Ibid.*

#### DEATH OF THE WIFE OF J. STERLING MORTON.

Mrs. Morton, wife of Hon. J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska City, Neb., died yesterday. Her danger was very brief—so brief, indeed, that her son, Mr. Paul Morton, assistant general freight agent of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, though summoned promptly, was unable to see her alive. Mrs. Morton possessed that sum of qualities which distinguished her in no small degree. Her character was broad, yet gentle and gracious in the extreme, and in the performance of kindly deeds her life was an exemplification of practical Christianity. The regret for Mrs. Morton's death, which cannot but be widely felt in the home circles of Nebraska, will be shared by many well known people in Chicago. —*Chicago Times*, Jan. 30.

## "REST IN PEACE."

How impressive a sight, to see a mother lowered down in the grave by her four sons,—and how appropriate! The first ones to receive her care at their birth, the last ones to give her their care at her death! Joy, Paul, Mark and Carl—poor little Carl—the sons of J. Sterling Morton, thus honored themselves, and have put an epitaph upon their darling mother's tomb more lasting and more impressive than any that could be written. She is gone, but she has left behind her four sons, young men still, and Carl, a mere boy; but men nevertheless, noble and brave, who have set an example which will no doubt be, as it ought to be, largely imitated. No stranger's hands should touch the dead; no stranger's hands are needed. Who's hands will touch the casket with gentler care, and whose tears are more fitting, as the very last dew of life on "mother's grave"? The task is a hard one; it takes courage, but the boys have done it nobly, and the heart of every friend around them suffered in its own sorrow and through their first martyrdom.

Yet those sons had but their own sorrows; moreover, they are young, the oldest being hardly twenty-six. But what of the father? What of J. Sterling Morton, the husband? Besides his own sorrow, he had the sorrow of his four sons to withstand. The flowing tears of a son are always hard to a father; but in a sad, terrible instance like this, the tears of four beloved boys are nearly all that human nature can endure, and J. Sterling Morton's heart came well nigh breaking! But his heart was gone for the time being; and the funeral of his wife, the mother of his children, is the funeral of his heart, because for more or less of a period it remains enclosed within the confines of that grave.

Death is terrible, whether it comes to still the bounding pulse of youth or take the smiling infant in its cold embrace. It is terrible when it seals with its icy touch the light of a loving mother's eyes and quenches forever the purest and holiest fire that ever burned in the human heart—that of a mother's love. But there is a touch of holy sorrow as we gaze upon the scene and witness the fruits of the labor of the life that is gone, developed in a noble manhood, strong, virtuous and generous, paying the last tribute of filial duty at the grave of a noble mother! Strewing that grave with earth's choicest flowers, emblematical of an unaltering purpose to consecrate their lives to deeds worthy of the mother and her life.

Mrs. Caroline J. Morton was born in Maine in 1833, moved to Nebraska in 1854, and died at Arbor Lodge, Wednesday, June 20th, 1881, at the age of forty-seven years.—*Lincoln Democrat*.

#### DEATH OF MRS. MORTON.

The *Herald* announces with keenest sorrow the death of Mrs. J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska City. She expired at her residence, Wednesday, the 20th ult., in the forty-seventh year of her age, after a long and painful illness, afflicted with an incurable malady. Surrounded by her sorrowing family, she passed peacefully away. Her feet had long trod near the shores of the unseen river, and death had no terror for the gentle lady whose memory is cherished in so many affection. The intelligence of her probably fatal illness has gone abroad in the State where she has lived for so many years, and the universal sympathy expressed in this possible bereavement evinces the warm and tender regard which her life of womanly duties and gentle ways inspired.

in the hearts of all who knew her. Coming to Nebraska when it was yet a wilderness, she helped to fashion its rude surroundings into the graceful civilization which has made it the home of a society as cultured and refined as can be found in the West. In those early days the influence of a lady like Mrs. Morton was priceless. It was as the pilgrimage of those pious women who go abroad in the world to redeem the fallen and uphold the weak. In her gentle presence the rude frontier shared in the refinements of distant homes. Grace and purity beautified a life devoted to the good which a warm heart and generous nature could find to do. The poor were cared for, the struggling found encouragement, and the humblest knew in her a friend and helper. To them the announcement of her death will come like a personal bereavement. The ties which are severed are not like those which belong to older communities. Isolation endeared, mutual sorrow intensified, and magnanimity and virtue made holy a life filled with generous deeds and loyal friendships. As Cornelia, the Roman matron, pointed to her sons as jewels brighter than a crown, so can Nebraska point to her pioneer women as legacies of honor more brilliant than a diadem. Mrs. Morton was born in Maine in 1833, and at an early age moved to Detroit, Michigan, where she grew into womanhood. She was married at Detroit, October 30th, 1854, and with her husband came directly to Nebraska, arriving here in November, 1854. She has lived here ever since, honored and beloved by a large circle of acquaintances. Four sons were born to her,—Joy, Paul, Mark and Carl,—who with their father survive the sad bereavement. Across the threshold of their desolate home even the tenderness of friendship may not venture with consolation. Only those who have experienced the anguish of such broken ties can share in a sorrow like theirs.

The funeral of Mrs. Morton was appointed for six o'clock yesterday evening. The following dispatch describes the funeral rite:

NEBRASKA CITY, June 30.

The funeral of Mrs. J. Sterling Morton took place at five o'clock this afternoon. She was tenderly borne to her last resting-place by her four sons—Joy, Paul, Mark and Carl. Friends were in attendance from Omaha, Lincoln, Brownville, and other places. The funeral cortège was the largest and most imposing ever witnessed on an occasion of this kind in the history of the city. The business houses were all closed at four o'clock. The sad event has cast a gloom over the entire community where Mrs. Morton was universally esteemed and beloved.—*Herald*.

#### MRS. MORTON'S FUNERAL.

The last sad rite has been performed, and the tribute to the dead from those who knew her best and loved her most was a grand outpouring of our people to witness her burial. The funeral cortège was the largest ever witnessed in Nebraska City. The service was brief, but impressive, and consisted of simply reading the beautiful burial service of the Episcopal Church, and prayer. The pall bearers were the noble sons of the lamented deceased—Joy, Paul, Mark and Carl,—assisted by Lyman Richardson of Omaha, L. O. Moore of Chicago, D. P. Rife and "Lot" Brown of this city. The grave was strewn with flowers by Joy and Paul. Thus closed the life of Mrs. J. Sterling Morton.—*Nebraska Press*, July 1.



## HIS LAST.

The *Omaha Republican* says: "A friend called yesterday with a copy of the *Republican* of June 30, containing the late Mr. Hitchcock's touching notice of the death of Mrs. J. Sterling Morton, in which occurred the following, which seemed almost prophetic of the writer's impending departure: 'As wife, as mother, as woman, her work was nobly done; and although to us blind mortals it seems hard that she should be cut off in the very meridian of her life, yet the good Lord knew that her work was fully done—that the tired one should rest.' And so, said our friend, may we truthfully say of Mr. Hitchcock; as husband, as father, as man, his work was nobly done; it was fitting that the tired one should rest. The communication referred to was the last of Mr. Hitchcock's public utterance. He expected to start for Nebraska City the next morning to attend Mrs. Morton's obsequies, but illness came on—the illness of which he died. In fact, he was ill when he wrote the words, and the manuscript was brought to us by his son. His chirography was always rather obscure, and in this instance it was particularly so, and we asked the aid of the son in reading it, in obedience to our friend's injunction to "be particular to see that there were no errors" when published. Amid a press of duties we forgot to look at the proof,—an oversight which occurred to us on our way home about midnight. We returned to the office and found that in the sentence "She came here to make a home in Nebraska," the word "name" had been set instead of "home." This was corrected, and the article appeared precisely as written by Mr. Hitchcock.—*Omaha Republican*.

## NEBRASKA PIONEERS.

Mr. Reynolds, formerly of Nebraska City, in his Parsons, Kansas, *Independent*, pays the following tribute to Nebraska pioneers:

"The young State of Nebraska has recently lost two of her noblest pioneers. We refer to the deaths of ex-Senator Hitchcock and Mrs. J. Sterling Morton. The decease of each is sincerely mourned by the young state at large and by hosts of friends in other states. The writer hereof was intimately acquainted with both parties. Senator Hitchcock went to Nebraska in 1857—and took up his residence in Omaha the same year we settled at Nebraska City. The senator served as delegate in Congress from the Territory, as United States marshal and United States senator for the term of six years. He was a man of generous impulses, loyal to his friends, to his party, to his country; and possessing very respectable talents and excellent social surroundings, rose to eminence and distinction in the state of his adoption and in the country.

"Mrs. J. Sterling Morton was one of the earliest settlers and noblest women that have resided in the young state. She went to the Territory in 1854, twenty seven years ago, and resided there continuously as the loyal and devoted wife of the most brilliant young man who ever crossed the Mississippi river. J. Sterling Morton would long since have been United States senator from Nebraska if he had belonged to the dominant party. Mrs. Morton for twenty seven years was beloved and honored by all. *In civilis rebus*. She moved, a queen in the social circle, in the household, in the church she loved and whose ordinances she devoutly and faithfully observed.

She raised four noble sons, the three eldest now occupying high positions in railway and business circles.

"These poorly constructed words of condolence and sympathy with the sorrowing husband and friend and associate of our earlier college days, and tribute to the honored dead, whose names Nebraska will ever hold in fond remembrance among the noblest of her pioneer men and women, we could not fail to express and impress upon the printed page from our southern Kansas home."

#### A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The death of Mrs. J. Sterling Morton left a mourning husband and four sons to deplore her loss. Three of these sons are engaged in active business in Chicago. Only one of them, Carl, one of the best and bravest boys of fourteen years whom we have ever known, could be with the father to help him bear a burden so heavy that it seemed it must break the strong man down. The last scene of all had come and gone like a terrible dream when the keen sympathy of the sons with the father led to a discussion of plans for surrounding him with sympathy and support in his bereft home. Mr. Morton heard and heeded all that filial affection could suggest, when, turning to his two married sons, Joy and Paul, with heart and mind full of well controlled emotion, he said:

"My sons, if your dear mother was living, and you should lose your wives as I have lost mine, you would look back to her for consolation and support. So I, in this trying hour, turn to my mother for that consolation and comfort which mothers alone can give to their children in their hours of deepest sorrow."

The statement that Mrs. Morton, the venerable mother of this strong man, is with her son in his stricken home in Nebraska City, is all that need be added to this imperfect relation of an incident which is as worthy of the manhood as it is honorable to the motherhood of our country.—*Omaha Herald*.

#### DEAD.

The wife of Hon. J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska City, was buried last Thursday at that city, the pall-bearers being her four sons,—Joy, Paul, Mark and Carl,—four as noble young men as live, and they could not be otherwise, having, as they did, such a mother. We have known the deceased for twelve years. A truer, nobler and kinder-hearted lady never lived; one of the most refined in feelings; one who was loved and respected by all, and a leader in society. Any one who came in contact with her could not help but be benefited, and feel as though they had met one of superior talent and goodness. She brought up her family of boys as a noble Christian woman would do, and was rewarded for it, as two are now occupying prominent positions on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad—Paul occupying the position of assistant general freight agent of that corporation. Having been very intimate with the family and young men so many years, we can appreciate their deep sorrow at this great cloud of sadness that has come over their home. As for our friend Mr. Morton, we know that the blow is a fearful one, for his whole life appeared to be devoted to making his wife happy and his home, "Arbor Lodge," a pleasant place, and few better men can be found than Sterling Morton. The heartfelt sympathies of the editor of this paper is extended to the family in this their hour of great affliction.—*Kansas City Evening Star*.

The wife of Hon. J. Sterling Morton died at her home in Nebraska City on the 29th of June. She was a lady of very excellent qualities—a pioneer who has grown up with the country and has done a great part in transforming the great and beautiful State of Nebraska from a wilderness, inhabited by the coyote, buffalo and Indian, to a real garden, cultivated by as intelligent a people as can be found in the civilized world. She, a blooming bride, came with her young husband to Nebraska in 1856, and since that time has been

“A perfect woman; nobly planned  
To warn and counsel and command.”

—*Hamburg Times*.

Mrs. Caroline F. Morton, wife of J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska City, died on Wednesday, June 29th, 1881, after a lingering and painful illness, in the forty-seventh year of her age.

Such announcements as the above are an every day occurrence. Some one, beloved, more or less, in his or her immediate circle, is passing away every hour, leaving behind an impression, blinding and stupefying for the instant, like the vivid lightning's flash, but, like it, swallowed up in an instant more in the dark forgetfulness and silence of the grave.

To the few only is a longer public memory vouchsafed. But of the major part even of these how soon it may be written:

“Their memories and their names are gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown.”

But if the memories and names of men pass so soon into oblivion, not so is it with the results of their lives. Their virtues or their vices leave behind them their enduring monument.

In a sense that is essentially true, all men and women are autobiographers, writing day by day a page of their own life in the book of time, and engraving their own epitaph, not indeed on marble columns or stately edifices, but on fleshly tables, more enduring than marble. The lines may be so faintly traced as to escape the observation of their fellows, but the writing is there, and no act of man can blot it out, and its end, for it is a living thing, who will witness? The germ of vice or the seed of virtue thrown to the winds by word, deed or example, may be a small, insignificant thing, scarcely claiming our observation, but when it has taken root and grown it may, like the mustard seed, become a great herb, in which foul fiends may harbor, or in the branches of which angels of goodness and mercy may find entertainment.

The influence of noble Christian example, persistent and true to itself, is to humanity like the rays of the sun to the physical world; it penetrates hidden recesses in man's mysterious spiritual nature, where nothing else can enter, and silently but surely does its work, refining and elevating the sentiments and habits of private and social life, and in time changing the whole aspect of society.

Just such an influence was exerted by the noble lady who has but now passed away from the midst of hosts of sorrowing friends, leaving not one enemy behind her.

Her name is associated with our earliest recollections of Nebraska, and her commanding influence for good in the rude state of things which then existed in Nebraska City none will deny who can speak with authority.

She was a lady of refined feelings and cultivated taste, and proved during her exemplary life that the possession of these qualities was no bar to the

faithful discharge of duty in whatever condition of life a woman may be placed.

The poor and the needy found in her an open-handed, warm hearted friend; the stranger a hospitable entertainer; the adventurous pioneer a spirited encourager and wise counselor; the city of her choice a public-spirited citizeness, and the church of her love and devotion a daughter to whom it could be truly said: "Blessed art thou among women."

Mrs. Morton had the true pride of a living faith, which refuses to sacrifice to God with that which cost her nothing, and this practical faith sustained her in patiently enduring a long and painful illness which terminated only with her death. She said to her rector, shortly before her decease: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; it has brought me near to God, and made my parting with my family and friends less painful. I leave them in the sure hope of a joyful reunion."

On the day of her funeral, business of all kinds was suspended, and a whole city in mourning followed her remains to their last resting-place. Nebraska City never before witnessed such a scene. We have no words to describe it. Great must have been the virtue in private life to have produced such an outbreak of feeling. Such a life was worth living, if no other fruit followed; but who can estimate the results of a life capable of moving a whole city to such an exhibition of love and regard?

Her monument will be the virtues she practiced, exhibited in the lives of generations yet unborn to whom they will be transmitted—their richest inheritance—by those who enjoyed and profited by her golly example.—*From the Church Guardian, Omaha.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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From the Bishop of Nebraska:

OVERLOOK, OMAHA, June 30, 1881

HON. J. STERLING MORTON:

*My Dear Sir,*—I beg leave to express to you my sincerest sympathy for the great sorrow that has befallen your home in the death of your most estimable wife.

I know that human words are of little avail in healing wounds of broken hearts, but still there is always some solace for our griefs in the consciousness that our friends feel for and with us, in our losses and sorrows. This you may be sure of, as not many women of my acquaintance could have been taken from earth, leaving so many behind to regret and to grieve, as is the case on the departure of Mrs. Morton.

I sincerely trust that you and your children may be divinely guided to the comfortable conviction "that all are not lost who have gone before," and that you may be consoled in your sorrow by those Divine consolations that are most precious and most sustaining.

I am very truly your sincere friend,

ROBERT H. CLARKSON.



From the Governor of Nebraska :

STATE OF NEBRASKA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

LINCOLN, July 2, 1881.

HON. J. STERLING MORTON :

*My Dear Sir*,—You have been in my mind constantly since I first learned of the death of Mrs. Morton. Of your great sorrow and bereavement no one can realize but yourself. That you may be able to bear your great loss with philosophical fortitude and resignation is my heartfelt wish. Accept from Mrs. Nance and myself our sincere sympathy in your affliction; and trusting that you may live long still to be happy in and for your dear children,

I remain sincerely yours,

ALBENUS NANCE.

From Mr. J. M. Woolworth :

OMAHA, July 2, 1881.

MY DEAR MORTON :

I returned home from a week's absence to-day. I was with Mr. Dexter and Mr. Perkins when we heard of the terrible calamity which has fallen upon you. Of all your friends, I am as well able as any to understand what has befallen you, and to sympathize with your inexpressible sorrow. I need not tell you how very, very sorry I am for you and for the boys. I cry from my heart that God may keep you. I will go and see you for a day next week, if it will be any comfort to you, and you will let me know. Perhaps Chandler will go too.

With the warmest affection and the deepest sympathy, in which Mrs. Woolworth and Jeanie join,

Your old friend, J. M. WOOLWORTH.

After the visit referred to above the following was written :

OMAHA, July 12, 1881.

MY DEAR MORTON:

I reached home on time. Poor Hitchcock was buried yesterday afternoon. I have seen no one, and know only what the *Herald* will tell you. My visit was full of melancholy pleasure. I was especially happy to find you disposed to dwell on the pleasant past rather than on the dark present. She who answered every need of your heart and home was so genuine and true that she would have it altogether so. It is a dark, dark cloud; but it is riven all through with the light of sweet memories and blessed hopes.

You and I have no time to study the problems of the future world--we must be content to accept in faith the received beliefs. I do not doubt, and you must not doubt, that the natural longing of the heart for immortality, and for knowledge of and communion with the loved ones who have gone before, will be altogether satisfied--how, we need not ask; the great, blessed, ultimate fact is enough for us.

The Church, in whose sweet way she loved to walk, deals lovingly and kindly with us, especially when we are in sorrow. I hope you will know abundantly what her consolations are.

With kind remembrances to your mother, sister and Carl.

I am your friend,

J. M. WOOLWORTH.

From Ex-Governor Furnas :

BROWNVILLE, NEB., July 7, 1881.

MY BEREAVED FRIEND:

I wish I could say a word or do an act that might, in the least, tend to soften the stroke that has fallen on you; but it is not in the power of words or acts of men, only "He who tempers the winds."

Other than from death in my own family, I have never been so sad. I did not even dare approach you, and other stricken members of your family, when at your desolate home. To do so seemed an invasion in a circle too sacred for others than the immediate household. Hence the silent tear and inward prayer.

We can but regard such providential visitations as almost beyond endurance; and yet they are strewed all along life's pathway—the sure lot of all, in course of time. We cannot escape them. They are part of the life here. We hope there is another life beyond where sorrows do not come. There is such foundation for such hope. Let it console us.

I never before beheld so impressive and appropriate an act as children depositing the dead mother in the silent grave—the last act on earth! Whose hand could so well perform this sacred duty? Noble sons! noble mother!

Be assured of my continued condolence.

Truly,

ROEL W. FURNAS.

BROWNVILLE, NEB., August 2, 1881.

MY DEAR MORTON:

In reply to closing paragraph, your letter August 1st received.

Permit me, a sympathizing friend, to say, Courage, my friend! courage. Meet the emergency, however great and trying. The stroke is heavy, and none but the experienced can truly comprehend and fully sympathize.

After our grief, it becomes us to view these manifestations and Providence from both a philosophical and submissive standpoint. Death is the common end of all — inevitable; from it none can escape. The grim monster is no respecter of persons or position; he enters, unbidden and unwelcome, the dearest family circle, and ruthlessly tears asunder tenderest ties.

You have been remarkably favored as to family affliction. The first victim is in reality the head. May we not reason that, in this instance, "He who doeth all things well" still further favored, in sparing the wife and mother the ordeal of parting with her loved ones — our eyes beholding them laid away in the silent tomb, and she, doomed alone to buffet the waves of a cold world? This remains the lot of you stronger ones, by nature better fitted to bear the burden. She had done a noble work — her share of life's labor — and God called her to Him, without the weight of earthly afflictions, the lot of many others. Surely there is favor in this.

No! no! that light has not gone out! merely withdrawn from our earthly sphere. It lighted your pathway for over a quarter of a century; now the special guiding star, dividing the footsteps of four sons along the uncertain paths of youth, up to honored manhood. It is now transferred — translated elsewhere. Its effulgence illumines another royal road, leading to another and brighter sphere, beckoning loved ones to follow. No! no! that light has not

gone out; its influence is inward and endless. Other lights, too, you have about you—home, mother, sister, sons.

The mother had done her full duty in bringing her children to ages of maturity. Now they are encountering the stern realities of life's battles, they need more a father's voice and counsel. Your duties are, as it were, just beginning.

Courage, then, my friend! courage!

Truly,

ROBT. W. FURNAS.

From ex-U. S. Senator Thayer:

GRAND ISLAND, September 17, 1881.

HON. J. STERLING MORTON:

*My Dear Sir*,—Absence from Nebraska prevented my learning the sad intelligence of the death of Mrs. Morton till my return. Although late, I desire to express to you my heartfelt sorrow for, and sympathy with, you in this your time of sorest trial. I have thought much of you in your solitude, for it has always seemed to me that the passing away of one's life companion must leave the husband lonely and desolate indeed, though he may be surrounded with many kind relations and friends. Writing to you of your great loss recalls the time when I first met Mrs. Morton. It will be twenty-seven years next month that my wife and myself called at your house in Bellevue; and she was standing in the door as we drove up, and you met us at the gate. Twenty-seven years, and now she has gone! and beyond, the pioneers of this State are passing away.

I have feared your thoughts and feelings would dwell so much upon your affliction that it might leave you in a kind of melancholy. This should not

be. It would be much better for you to have your thoughts employed in active pursuits.

I know words are vain to bring consolation to the wounded heart; but I wanted you to know my feelings toward you in this time of sorrow.

Most sincerely your friend,

JOHN M. THAYER.

From the son of ex-Senator Hitchcock:

OMAHA, NEB., June 30, 1881.

HON. J. STERLING MORTON:

*Dear Sir,*—Father being confined to the house and unable to write this morning, I do so in his stead.

I can do no more, however, than to offer my father's deep sorrow at your loss and the heartfelt sympathy of many Omaha friends.

May her memory partly supply the place no longer filled by her life.

Most warmly,

G. M. HITCHCOCK.

From Mr. Henry Strong, formerly President of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad Co.:

NORTHWOODSIDE, LAKE GENEVA, July 12, 1881.

MY DEAR MORTON:

I am deeply pained to learn of the death of your wife. I was not even aware of her illness. I saw one of your sons in Monticell some two weeks since, and he did not mention her illness.

You have my most sincere sympathy in this unpeakable bereavement.

Faithfully yours,

HENRY STRONG.

From ex-U. S. Senator Paddock :

BEATRICE, January 26, 1882.

MY DEAR MORTON :

You may think because I did not write you a letter of condolence immediately after the death of your noble wife that we did not, ourselves, mourn, and that we did not sympathize with you and yours in that terrible bereavement. But I can truly say, for my wife as well as for myself, that the death of no one outside our own family ever caused us so much sorrow, and for no one have our hearts been moved by a deeper sympathy than for yourself in your sorrow and loneliness.

I undertook once to write, but I could find no words that seemed to me strong enough to give true expression to the deep feeling that possessed my own heart, or that would carry comfort to you, and I gave it up. I realized how weak the strongest would be, and I said to myself: I shall see him after a little, and I will then try to tell him how sad our hearts have been. We admired and loved Mrs. Morton. We remembered how brave and resolute, how strong in her mental and physical organism she was, and it was almost impossible to believe the mournful truth even when confirmed to us.

You two were so closely woven together in your lives, and in our thought of you, or either of you, that we could not see how you could be separated in this world. We could not see how eternal fitness, so perfectly exemplified in your apparent oneness of life, should be disturbed here even by death itself. My dear friend, I have thought of you *very*, *very* often, and always with a heart full of sadness and deepest sympathy, remembering the desolation which this immeasurable loss has brought into your beautiful home, which the labor of her loving and skillful hands have done so much to

embellish, and from which she, the chief adornment of all, has been forever removed. I do not know how to help you bear your great burden. I wish I did. It is true each one of us, at the best, has his own burden, the weight whereof often seems to himself too oppressive to be borne; and yet most of these are only as the added weight made necessary for the fairness of the race, as compared with your crushing load. May the great God help and strengthen and sustain you for the remainder of the journey which is left to you alone until the end.

Very faithfully yours, A. S. PADDOCK.

From Mr. C. E. Perkins, President of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Co.:

CHICAGO, June 30, 1881.

MY DEAR MORTON:

I received the sad news last night by telegraph. I am well aware that nothing I can say or do can avail anything now. Mrs. Perkins is here with me, and we have sent some flowers, and you will know that you have our sympathy in your affliction. You had better, after awhile, come away—come east, perhaps, and get into some absorbing work as soon as you can.

Yours, C. E. PERKINS.

From Mr. W. F. Storey, Editor of the Chicago *Times*:

GREEN LAKE, WIS., July 5, 1881.

MY DEAR MORTON:

I learn of your sorrow with the keenest regret. Mrs. Storey joins with me in this, and sends her kindest regards. With real sympathy, I am,

Very truly yours, W. F. STOREY.



From Dr. G. L. Miller, Editor of the *Omaha Herald*:

OMAHA, July 21, 1881.

MY DEAR MR. MORTON:

It is too hot to move or go anywhere. I suffer so much from heat, the freedom of my own home is my only relief. This is my excuse for not going to Nebraska City.

I hope this note of cordial greeting will find you gaining upon your position, a cool and brave philosopher, over your irreparable loss.

Most truly yours,

GEO. L. MILLER.

From Hon. O. P. Mason, ex-Chief Justice of Nebraska:

LINCOLN, NEB., July 7, 1881.

HON. J. S. MORTON, Nebraska City:

*Dear Sir*,—Accept the sympathy and regrets of children and myself for a loss which cannot be restored, and which, with each departing year, will be more and more keenly felt. Let us hope that in this fact is a foreshadowing of a life beyond the grave and a reunion that is to be. At such a time words are idle and vain: silence is the most expressive token of kindness.

Yours truly,

O. P. MASON.

From U. S. Senator Pendleton, of Ohio:

CINCINNATI, July 5, 1881.

HON. J. STERLING MORTON, Nebraska City:

*My Dear Friend*,—I have just learned of your very great bereavement. I know that no words can now give you any comfort—time only can bring

that healing. But I cannot refrain from expressing my most sincere and sorrowing sympathy, and my affectionate friendship. Please let your sons know that their father's friend condoles with them also.

Very truly yours,                      GEO. H. PENDLETON.

NASHVILLE, August 13, 1881.

HON. J. STERLING MORTON:

*Dear Sir,*—Your letter of August 6th is before me. I thank you for your exceeding kindness in writing when your heart must be aching and void. The photographs were full of interest and pathos to us. How blessed among men your sons are, to have been placed in relations so tender and sacred with her; and her memory must be to you a pearl of price, the fragrance of your lives.

General Dana and our children join me in best wishes for you all, and heartfelt sympathy.

Yours with respect and highest esteem,

THELIA DANA.

From Mrs. Lake, wife of the Chief Justice of Nebraska:

OMAHA, June 30, 1881.

DEAR MR. MORTON:

The sad news of Mrs. Morton's death reached us not an hour ago.

Our hearts are filled with sorrow for you and your dear children in this time of terrible and crushing affliction.

Mr. Lake joins me in extending to you and yours our deepest and most heartfelt sympathy.

If love and condolence could soften one pang, there are many warm

hearts ready with comfort for you; but, alas! friends are powerless in an hour of such bitter and overwhelming grief, and words of condolence seem cold and meaningless.

We did not hear of Mrs. Morton's death in time, or we should have been with you to-day. With loving sympathy for yourself, for Lottie and Carrie (if they are with you), and for all your dear boys,

I remain sincerely yours, MRS. G. B. LAKE.

OMAHA, NEB., June 30, 1881.

DEAR JOY:

I want to assure you of my sympathy for you in your great sorrow and grief. There is very little your friends can say that will comfort you; but I do want you to know how deeply sorry I am for you all. Papa and mamma send their love with mine.

Your sincere friend, JESSIE RODDIS.

DEAR MR. MORTON:

Words, of course, are worse than nothing. The blow falls heavily upon us all. Will you, or one of the boys, send to me a quantity of Arbor Vite clippings? I do not want indifferent hands to touch them.

C. E. SWEET.

CHICAGO, July 22, 1881.

DEAR FRIEND MORTON:

I have just returned from the east and learned of your great sorrow. I will only say at this time that my heart aches with yours. The great loss and pain is shared by all who knew her. God help you!

Your friend, T. W. HARVEY.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, August 2, 1881.

DEAR MR. MORTON:

The newspaper, with the sad news of the death of your dear wife, came to me. I thank you for the assurance you give General Dana and I, that we mourn with you and your children, your most grievous loss. Full well do I know that the joy and beauty of your life has departed, and I pray Heaven will give you faith and courage to bear this heavy loss. For her, "with angels and archangels and all the company of Heaven"—but for ourselves? I can think of you now as finding this period even harder than the first profound moment, when death, so final, so illimitable, and beyond our power to penetrate, leaves us awed and silent before the inevitable. But when the daily uses of life come round, and the heart that loved so truly, so wholly, the eye that watched for your coming, and at a glance divined your wishes, anticipated and fulfilled them—when all that is gone, then is the time "the heart knows its own bitterness." Do you recall those lines of James Russell Lowell, "After the Burial"? Do re-read them. Give my love and sincere sympathy to your sons. Two of them I have rocked in their cradles; the others I have not seen, but love them for your sake and their mother's. How manly and filial in them to bear that beloved form to its last resting place! I suppose "Cul" is a souvenir of his mother (his name), since it was her noble fate to bear only men.

God help you to endure that sad destiny we all must meet, when "one shall be taken and the other left."

General Dana joins me, as do our children, in love and interest for you and your children, and pity for your loss.

Yours with respect and high esteem,

THESEA DANA.

WASHINGTON, July 19, 1881.

MY DEAR SIR:

I read this morning in one of our city papers of your late bereavement, and hope you will allow me the privilege of adding the expression of my sorrow and warm sympathy to what has been offered you by your many friends and admirers. There must be much that is manly and Sterling besides the name in a man who, in so many ways and from so many sources wins such genuine feeling to his side upon occasion, and of these qualities you are evidently the possessor.

Very truly yours,

JAMES ANGLIM.

From Mrs. Dickey, wife of the President of Nebraska College:

BISHOP TALBOT COLLEGE, NEBRASKA CITY, Wednesday.

MY DEAR CARL:

I cannot help sending you a few words of sympathy as I learn of your great sorrow. You cannot grieve that her great sufferings are over; but it is right to grieve that you have lost a loving mother, and right for us all to sorrow with you, as I assure you we do. You will always be thankful that you have been so kind and thoughtful of her in her distressing illness.

I, too, lost my mother when not quite so old as you, and I know that it is very hard to feel that one's life must be spent without a mother's love and sympathy.

But kind and loving hearts are all about you, and you have still much to live for. I should be glad to do anything in my power to comfort you.

With much love,

MRS. H. M. DICKLY.

DETROIT, MICH., July 4, 1881.

DEAR STURTEVANT:

I feel as if I must write and tell you how sincerely I sympathize with you, although I cannot hope to say anything that will comfort you. I did not know of Carrie's death until yesterday, when I saw the notice in the paper. I was quite shocked, because the last news from Nebraska had been favorable. I never knew how much I loved Cousin Carrie until I was obliged to realize that she was gone. I certainly have reason to think that I have lost one of my best friends — one from whom I have received many kindnesses, and with whom I have passed some of the happiest days of my life. I have often wished that I could express to her my appreciation of all that she has done for me. I am very sorry now that I did not go out to Jory's wedding; then I might have seen her once more. I know that Auntie and Addie are feeling much love and sympathy for you. I saw Emma's letters yesterday at Will's, and it seemed to me a comforting as well as a beautiful thought, that the boys should have carried their mother to her last rest. Give my love to them all, especially Carl. I think the loss falls most heavily upon him, as he has never left home for good, as the others have done.

Your affectionate Cousin, MORTON MORTON.

From Mr. Goddard, Attorney of the Chicago, Burlington  
and Quincy Railroad Company:

CHICAGO, August 20, 1881.

MY DEAR MORTON:

I found considerable work piled up, awaiting my return, and have just worked a hole through to the bottom of it; so now I have a little leisure to

say "thank you" for the happy time and bounteous hospitality furnished our little party by you, Aunty Emma and Carl. It is seldom "city folks" can enjoy such a rural treat and retreat as was our good fortune while at your beautiful home, and never do we expect to enjoy elsewhere as many hours of unalloyed rest, mingled with free social intercourse, with loved ones. Of course that "vacant chair," which God and forgetful nature had made, was always near us, nor did we care to have the beautiful remembrance of its occupant leave our mind for an instant.

We are all so glad that our baby could cast a few rays of sunshine into your wounded heart, and we hope that you will furnish occasion here in Chicago in the near future for the little one to attempt the same operation.

Again, we assure you that our visit to your lovely home, with its delightful recollections of the "gentle savage," Col. Boudinot, and generous hospitality of yourself, mother and sister, will never fade from our remembrance.

Mattie and children join me in sending love to you all.

Affectionately yours,

L. O. GODDARD.

From J. Adams Allen, M.D., LL.D., Consulting Physician  
of Mrs. Morton :

CHICAGO, July 14, 1881.

MY DEAR MORTON :

I have sat down to write to you a score of times since "Carrie" died, and as many times I have shrunk from the attempt. Good God! what can I say to you outside of the usual platitudes? You know that you and yours have been dearer to me than any other friends on earth. I would have purchased her life with my own, gladly, if that could have secured it.

She was a true woman, better even than you knew, until, face to face with the loss of her, you found it out.

The mother who instilled into those grand boys of yours the tenderness and manliness which characterize them, is one beyond my little panegyric. She was so far beyond little eulogisms, that my appreciation will not permit me to attempt a word of praise or cold commendation.

Death is the "inevitable chance," "the perpetual act of God's high parliament." It is only a little while, and we shall each of us have to obey the mandate,

I can say nothing to help you in this great grief, except the old, old words: Time will mellow the loss, and slowly, gradually soothe the intensity of sorrow.

Amid the scepticisms of the day and against the cold-blooded philosophies, within my heart of hearts—it may be a weakness of early training—nevertheless I have ever felt there was somewhere a Higher Power, who doeth all things well. Her duties in life were well met. Her life extended beyond the average. The good she has done lives after her. She will live in your memory, and in the memories of all who knew her, as one whose life was but a veil over her beautiful character—a veil which death tore away.

I cannot write you, Merton, as I have written other friends in affliction. It seems too hard and grievous to me, who have wished you and yours happiness beyond what falls to the common lot. I have cherished your friendship for me, in the darkest hours of my varied life, as among my most priceless treasures; and now, when the darkness of the shadow of death falls



upon your household, I am pauperized for words to express the depth of my sympathy.

Will you forgive me this poor inadequate note, and believe me ever, as of the old time,

Your cordial friend, J. ADAMS ALLEN.

From Mr. George O. Manchester, Assistant General Manager of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa F  Railroad Co. :

TOPEKA, July 14, 1881.

MY DEAR MORTON :

I cannot tell you how surprised and grieved I was at hearing the sad news of Mrs. Morton's death.

I do not write with any hope of lightening the grief that is almost crushing you, but only to let you know that, at this sorrowful moment, your friends remember and sympathize with your loss. I know how heavy the blow is which has fallen on you, and how dark and desolate must seem to you that beautiful home, so long brightened and gladdened by her presence; and I know, too, that nothing I can say can be of any comfort to you, except to recall the devotion of your life to her while she was with you. This should comfort you.

My wife is now east at the sea-shore; but, before leaving, she wished me to join the expressions of her sympathy with mine.

As ever, your friend,

Geo. O. MANCHESTER.

From Hon. H. M. Atkinson, Surveyor-General of New Mexico:

SANTA FE, N. M., July 3, 1881.

MY DEAR GOVERNOR:

I have just seen, through the Omaha papers which came to-day, that Mrs. Morton died on the 29th ult., and I hasten to convey to you my earnest, heartfelt sympathy in your terrible affliction. No one knows what utter desolation is until they have lost a wife, and especially so estimable a woman as your wife was.

Nothing that I can say will serve to relieve the sadness of your heart; and you know, my dear Governor, that you have the earnest sympathy of one who knows what a blow it is to lose a good, true wife.

Yours sincerely,

H. M. ATKINSON.

OMAHA, NEB., July 4, 1881.

MY DEAR MORTON:

I know that this letter will find you filled with grief at the loss of your dear wife. You have, indeed, suffered a great affliction. A more faithful partner never lived, and few men, I venture to say, ever enjoyed more domestic tranquillity than yourself. A true wife and a devoted mother — no higher eulogy can be pronounced upon any woman. True, the great central sun of your household has gone down, and I deeply sympathize with you in your affliction. Let us hope, however, in the language of Scripture, "I go to prepare a place for you" — that in the golden summer of another life, children, mother and father will gather again in a sweet reunion where parting is unknown.

Ever your friend,

C. HARTMAN.

OMAHA, NEB., July 4, 1881.

MY DEAR MORTON :

The last few moments have brought me the information of the death of Mrs. Morton; and, with sorrow, I offer sympathy and condolence. I cannot write, much less tell you, of my feelings. The kindness and regard always manifested toward me by her was always appreciated; and, in the future, the pleasant and kind recollections and remembrances will be cherished with devotion.

Sincerely yours,

F. P. IRELAND.

From Prof. B. Silliman, of Yale College :

NEW HAVEN, July 22, 1881.

MY DEAR SIR :

Returning from the sea-side resort of my family, I find the *Weekly Press*, with the heavy news of your great affliction.

Three years last March brought that bitterness to my life, after thirty eight of the happiest years which ever fall to human lot. We are in full sympathy now, as only they can be who have stood by the dark river and seen the passage of the blessed one to the unseen realms beyond, and from whence no traveler returns. To me this total and absolute silence of all who have gone before is one of the hardest lines in all the lot our Father has drawn for us. Time assuages the violence of grief, but it does not heal its wounds or lighten its sorrow! Life can no more be to us the same joyful season it has been so long. We live now in and for our children and their children, in which is joy, quiet and full of thankfulness.

Yours very sincerely,

B. SILLIMAN.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 9, 1881.

FRIEND J. S. MORTON, Nebraska City:

A mother and wife is gone; and woman never lived that filled the position better. What more can I say, except that you have my deepest sympathy? Well do I remember the evening that I went to your house to dine, as my wife was gone, and I could think of no place to go but to your house, because Mrs. Morton was there, not then only, but always. She met me with a smile, a pleasant word, and good advice when I gave her opportunity. The death of but few persons will bring tears to my eyes, but she was one of those. Sympathy from men and women high in life, with honor, fame and wealth; this is from neither, and you will appreciate my feelings the more. All I can say, I am your friend, and the friend of those that are left.

W. M. HICKIN.

WASHINGTON OFFICE, THE CHICAGO TIMES, July 11, 1881.

MY DEAR MORTON:

When I came in this morning, Mrs. Crawford was in tears. The news came with a great shock to all of us, for you must know that we have always looked up to you and Mrs. Morton as models. We have hoped that we might continue ourselves as well united and as much bound up in each other as you were. We can only think of dear Mrs. Morton as well, bright, and one of the happiest women upon the face of the earth. To think of her as having passed away from this life is almost impossible. It must be a source of great comfort to you now to know that it has been your life long study to make her happy. I know how idle are ordinary words of sympathy. We who loved Mrs. Morton so well, and have looked forward to sometime

visiting her at Arbor Lodge, send you our sincerest greeting and most tender sympathy. You have your four noble boys left to you. One of the most beautiful things in the mention made of Mrs. Morton's final homegoing was the description of your four manly sons acting as bearers of their noble mother to her last resting-place.

If we could in any way lift in the slightest degree the burden of your loss, we would be very happy.

Sincerely,

T. C. CRAWFORD.

NEW YORK, July 8, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Senator Paddock has this moment shown me the announcement of Mrs. Morton's death, which is a surprise and shock to me.

I wish I could offer words of consolation, but I know full well that under such affliction there is nothing one can say to assuage the anguish of the stricken one.

Believe me, dear friend, my heart goes out to you in deep and tender sympathy. Your loss is irreparable. No one on earth can fill the place of that good, noble wife and mother; but 'tis our common fate. Yet a little while, and we, too, must fold our hands for eternal sleep. Let us see to it that we are as ready as she was when the dread summons comes.

Faithfully your friend,

JNO. McGINNIS, JR.

WATERFOWN, N. Y., July 20, 1881.

MY DEAR SIR:

The news of the terrible blow which has fallen upon your household was a great shock to us. Both Mr. Clark and myself recall with great pleasure

our brief acquaintance with Mrs. Morton, and we try to assure you that, in this hour of great bereavement, from our hearts we sorrow with you. If the sympathy of friends and a whole community could lighten the burden of your grief, then you will all be comforted, for the church and society, as well as her own loved ones, are bereft to-day; all are mourning with you. I can only add that we trust strength will be given those she held so tenderly to bear the tearful, heavy cross, which I know full well, in their broken-heartedness, is so hard to bear.

Sincerely yours,

ELIZA N. CLARK.

WASHINGTON, D.C., July 5, 1881.

HON. J. S. MORTON:

*Dear Sir*.—I offer you the sincere sympathy of my mother and myself in this most terrible affliction. May the Comforter, who never fails to hear the cry of the sorrowful, give you strength to bear this burden of grief.

Respectfully,

CORNELIA H. HARVEY.

INDEPENDENCE, August 3, 1881.

MR. J. STERLING MORTON:

*My Dear Friend*.—You and your children have my warmest sympathies. A great loss to you and them. None knew Mrs. Morton but to love her; and the many pleasant hours I have spent with you and her I shall ever hold sacred while life shall last. My wife joins with me in best wishes to you and family.

Your true friends,

A. J. LOEB AND J. A. LOEB.

June 20, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

The sad news of the death of your noble, good wife has just reached me, and I cannot help writing of my heartfelt sympathy. Every day of the many years I have known Mrs. Morton has been so full of what the good Book calls loving-kindness, so full of true Christian helpfulness to others, that we cannot (save for our loss) grieve for a moment at her exchange of this dreary life, with its death, for eternity with its life. This painful experience of yours, my dear friend, vividly recalls to my mind all the sad incidents connected with the death of my own dear one, which I am unable to dwell upon at length in thought; but the kind sympathy then and since shown me by yourself and dear Mrs. Morton, touched my heart very deeply. I would that I could say some words of relief save those of sympathy; but the heart knows its own sorrows best. There are sorrows that are called sweet, inasmuch as they help us to be more tender, more patient, and more thoughtful of that dear "to-morrow life," when we shall again meet our dear ones; and I earnestly hope and pray that this sad loss may prove such a sweet to you, and meet with its greatest blessing.

Believe me, truly your friend,

J. W. MOORE.

NEW YORK, July 21, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND MORTON:

The notice of the demise of your dear wife was a surprise to me, although Mr. Chandler, when here, expressed serious doubts about her ultimate recovery. Since she could not recover, and only be a sufferer, it is well for her; but what can I say to you, from whose heart she was torn by cruel fate, leaving wounds that cannot be reached by any medical skill, nor alleviated

by the consolation offered by friends, however sincere? It is time alone that can heal the scars left on you, and I trust that you will reach that point of consolation soon by the aid of your boys, of whom everybody who knows them is proud, and in whom the memory of their splendid mother will always remain "green."

Your sincere friend,                      LOUIS A. GRASS.

LANSING, MICH., September 5, 1881.

MY DEAR STERLING:

I appreciate fully how poor and insufficient any words of consolation or sympathy I may offer you will appear in trying to soften your sorrow over this irreparable loss which has come to you in your home, in the calmest and best days of your life. It is the greater and more keenly felt when such a pure and noble life has been so early taken from you—a loss greater because of the incomparable character and nobleness of life of the friend that has left you. Be assured I most sincerely feel for you, and the more keenly from just having lost my mother, and not long ago my eldest boy—misfortunes that brought great sorrow to my own home.

Ever your old friend,                      S. L. SMITH.

BOZEMAN, M. T., September 4, 1881.

MY DEAR MR. MORTON:

I give you my deepest sympathy, but consolation I cannot offer. Through what you have passed and are passing, I have passed, and know—oh, so well!—what a bitter trial it is. Time, they say, can help us; but, as yet, it has done little for me. The wound, of course, heals over, but the scar will always remain.



It seems impossible to realize that she, who was so full of life and ambition, so bright and gay, has gone, never to return! From among all her old friends, she will be sadly missed, while you — you are desolate, but will have to live on, though all is so changed, and the future looks so dreary.

Poor little Carl! He needed his mother yet.

With kindest remembrance, I remain your friend,

MRS. GESSIE B. PLACE.

BELLAIR, OHIO, July 9, 1881.

HON. J. STERLING MORTON:

*My Dear Sir*,—Having just stopped at this place on my return home from an eastern trip, I am startled with the intelligence of the death of Mrs. Morton.

Please accept my most heartfelt sympathies in this great sorrow which has befallen you. I can hardly realize that your happy family, so long unbroken, has now lost one whom you all so much loved, and at a time, too, when you were just getting ready to enjoy the fruits of your past labors in your beautiful home at Arbor Lodge. May the Dispenser of all good help to heal the wounds caused by this sad bereavement, is the wish of

Yours sincerely, A. C. COWPERTHWAIT.

CHICAGO, July 5, 1881.

MY DEAR MORTON:

The sympathy of your friends and relations, at this time of your terrible bereavement, can afford but little balm to a wounded heart. Yet it would seem a cruel forgetfulness of duty were I not to express the sudden shock of sorrow which came upon us here when we learned of your poor Carrie's

death. It had seemed to us that nature would triumph over the disease, and that, if there was anything like Providence working in the ways of this world, He would be just for once and spare her, if not for those who loved her, then for womankind, as a model for all that is lovely, gentle, beautiful and good.

Mattie joins me in wishing and hoping that a busy life may soon succeed in dispelling the clouds of despair which now hang over your house, and that many years of contentment and pleasure may follow for you and your afflicted children.

Sorrowfully yours,

L. O. GODDARD.

GENEVA LAKE, August 4, 1881.

MY DEAR STERLING:

It was not that my heart was not full of sympathy for you that I have not written to you sooner, but it was because it seemed to me words didn't mean enough. One verse of the poem, "After the Burial," kept coming to my mind; something like this:

"Console if you will; I can bear it,  
 'Tis a well meant adieu of breath;  
 But tell me, my friend,  
 If ever since Adam  
 Death has been anything else than death."

You will get my idea, though my quotation is not quite correct.

I remember when I was about twenty, and my only sister, who was ten years my senior, and who was my only friend and companion and counselor, died, that the common place expressions of sympathy and condolence (though I knew that they were earnest and well meant) almost made me angry. I rebelled, and I think I got more comfort in my rebellion than anything else;

at all events, I could get no comfort or consolation out of what any one else said or thought. What does any one else know of your loss, and how can they make it easier by mere talk?

Yours sincerely,

N. K. FAIRBANK.

NORTH BRANCH, July 23, 1881.

MR. MORTON:

*Dear Sir,*—In the death of Mrs. Morton I keenly realize that I have lost a good friend—one of the few who seemed to take an interest in my welfare and never lost an opportunity to speak a kind word in my behalf.

Appreciating the many favors I have received at the hands of Mrs. Morton and yourself,

I am, sincerely your friend,

CARRIE SWANSON.

HELLEN, ARK., July 30, 1881.

J. S. MORTON:

*My Dear Sir,*—I reached home last evening, after an absence of some weeks in the mountains, and the Nebraska press of date 9th instant, containing the announcement of the death of Mrs. Morton, was handed me. To say that I deeply sympathize with you in your sad loss but feebly expresses the fact. Mrs. Morton's identification with the early occupation of Nebraska, her kind recognition of the wayward pioneers of the country, her charity and obliviousness to their manifest errors and indiscretions, her home hospitality and geniality of manner, endeared her to all acquaintances. To society generally her loss is a sad fact; to yourself and her boys the incident is irreparable.

Your friend,

W. E. MOORE.

CRAWFORD HOME, N. H., July 12, 1881.

MY DEAR STIRLING:

Emma's letter, telling us the sad tidings, came to us like a thunderbolt, for we did not dream but that dear Carrie was rapidly recovering, and were full of hope.

I can hardly see to guide my pen—the tears of grief and love are blinding; but I felt I must write you, even before I can say a word to poor Emma. I can say nothing just now, but only give you the silent, warm hand clasp, with sympathy born out of suffering. I did so hope you would be spared this life-long sorrow, but God willed it otherwise, and “He knoweth best.” This parting must come sooner or later, and always must bring its bitterness and anguish. But soon—ah! soon—we learn to look up, realizing that this is not our home, and then we look forward to the meeting beyond, where there are no more partings or death.

Patience, my dear cousin. Emma writes you are very brave. I knew you would be, if only for her dear sake. You have still many dear ones left to comfort you—all your noble sons, and now you have daughters, too, your dear mother and Emma. All these seem as nothing now. The light is gone out from your home; but in God's good time your heart will turn back to them for the sympathy and love that always came from her, “as one whom his mother comforteth.” May He be near to cheer and bless you through all the steps of your desolate way. None other can comfort—believe me—I have struggled through all the weary way, until at last I found Him the blessed way, that leads us into light and peace.

Tearfully but prayerfully yours,

MARIA LOUISE KENDALL.

CHICAGO, July 14, 1881.

MR. MORTON:

*My Dear Friend*,—We all feel Carrie's death deeply. It was so unexpected to us, and we can only acknowledge that the affliction is God's will. Yet it is very hard to see any comfort in such a dispensation, though you have one great comfort—your sons.

Yours truly,

LAURA WAKEFIELD.

July 2, 1881.

MR. MORTON:

Just a year ago, when our "golden circle" was broken and death took away our only child, and we were sorely afflicted by the same sorrow that has recently fallen upon you, Mrs. Morton was the first one to come with a heart full of sympathy, and bring beautiful flowers for the dear little girl that was to be laid away from us forever. Now that it is your turn to have a part of your very self leave you, and your heart and home made lonely by the absence of her whose life was so closely intertwined with yours, I feel as if I must offer you a few words of condolence. I well know how idle words may seem now, yet there is a pleasure in knowing our friends are willing and ready to share our sadness with us. While Mrs. Morton could not count me with her old friends, as our acquaintance and friendship dated back only a few years, had our friendship been longer and more intimate, I could not remember her with more respect and sincere regard than I do. From her I have received many courtesies and acts of hospitality, and recall many delightful moments spent in her society.

Yours sincerely,

MRS. HENRY SHILDON.

MOUNT PLEASANT, NEBRASKA, July 14, 1881.

J. STERLING MORTON:

*Dear Mr. Morton*.—We have heard of the great loss you have experienced in the death of dear Mrs. Morton, and we feel we would like to express our sympathy for you in this time of trouble. We know what it is to see our loved ones pass through the "valley of the shadow of death," and feel that there is a vacant place at the hearthstone that can never be filled; a void in the hearts of those that are left that nothing but the presence and love of the Father can ease.

We remember with gratitude your letter of sympathy when we were bereaved of a dear husband and father. Give our love and sympathy to your sons.

MRS. SARAH M. WINSLOW,

JENNIE T. HOWARD,

KATE W. DAVIS.

CHICAGO, June 30, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

How you are afflicted! I wish I could say the right words; but, oh, what are the right words at such a time! I have been through it, and know too well how little anybody can help when we are thus torn up. I should like to sit by your side and quietly bow my head and bear the pelting of this pitiless storm, if I might, along with you; but, alas! you must tread the winepress almost alone.

May Heaven sustain you in this unspeakable trial, in comparison with which all else in this world is light indeed.

Yours affectionately,

WILL DEXTER.

CHICAGO, July 5, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Personally it was my privilege to have met Mrs. Morton but few times, but I know that no one in Nebraska was more widely known or more universally and deservedly respected and loved. Her wonderfully active, useful life, and unobtrusive good deeds, endeared her to all. She leaves a most worthy and enduring monument in the noble sons, who, blessed by the cherishing care and guidance of such a mother, have lived to bless her in return by the splendid manhood they have developed and the honorable positions they worthily fill. From my inner heart I extend to you and yours my warmest sympathy.

A. J. HARDING.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., 1881.

MY DEAR POOR FRIEND MORTON:

Voorhees showed me yesterday a paper containing the distressing intelligence of the death of Mrs. Morton. No words from mortal lips can soften the great anguish of your heart.

God bless and sustain you in your grievous affliction.

Your ever faithful friend, E. C. BORDNOT.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, July 14, 1881.

J. STERLING MORTON, Esq.:

*Dear Friend*.—Please accept the heartfelt sympathy of myself and wife in this hour of your sad bereavement, and may God look after and care for the noble father and sons that are left to mourn her departure.

Sincerely yours, A. F. NASH.

HOME, July 3, 1881.

MR. MORTON:

To-day, Sunday, I cannot help thinking of you. Associated thoughts of long years have made my heart ache for you all spring.

What can be said to comfort? Nothing, unless in the old couplet—

“Earth hath no sorrow  
That heaven cannot heal.”

Surely with your guiding star, the Angel of Peace must hover near. May God bless you and your noble sons, is the prayer of

Your sincere friend, MRS. WM. FULTON.

CUMBERTSON, NEB., July 3, 1881.

HON. J. STERLING MORTON:

*Dear Friend*,—I received by yesterday's mail the sad news of the death of your wife. A faithful wife, a loving mother and an esteemed neighbor has passed from the visible to the invisible. Mortal has put on immortality. The link that bound your family ties so closely together is now severed, only to be again united in the Spirit land. You have my heartfelt sympathy in the hour of your sore affliction, and may God, who doeth all things well, succor and comfort you. But a few more years at longest, and we too must pay the same penalty pronounced upon all. My prayer is, that we may be ready when the summons comes to enter into the joys of everlasting life and meet our loved ones in that better land.

I remain your true friend,

J. J. HOCHSTETTER.



FAIRFIELD, NEB., July 12, 1881.

HON. J. STERLING MORTON:

*Dear Sir*.—It is with sincere sorrow we read the news of Mrs. Morton's death. It seems to us like severing one of the few cherished ties that bind us to the past, for the memory of the pleasant days we spent under the same roof, and the kindness and consideration with which we have ever been treated, will always remain one of our most hallowed recollections. Please accept the assurance of our most heartfelt sympathy with you in your bereavement, and believe us

Ever your sincere friends,

JAMES M. AND ANNIE FLYNN.

LINCOLN, NEB., March 26, 1882.

MR. J. STERLING MORTON, Arbor Lodge:

*My Dear Friend*.—Jessie and I received the pictures of your wife which you so kindly sent us a few days ago. We wish to thank you for them, and to tell you how much we value them. We very often think and speak of her, and it makes her seem more near us to have such an excellent likeness of her as that is. Truly, if it were not for the bright Beyond we *know* is coming, we could not bear the parting with our dear ones. Many men, with an air of superior understanding, say "Religion and superstition will always enthrall woman, for she is a creature subservient to feeling, sentiment, etc." What better, truer guide can we find? If there is anything inspired in the universe, if there is anything divine in man, it is the instinct, the feeling and the faith, and by this test we *know* we shall see them again. May we all have strength to wait patiently till then!

Yours most truly,

GRACE A. MASON.



## THE BURIAL AT EVENTIDE.

Adown the west, all gloriously, was sweeping  
The fervid sun of a midsummer day,  
When one, from her fair home — cold in death sleeping —  
Was borne, for whom was no returning way —  
Borne to the “silent city,” to whose keeping  
We yield our loved ones when life’s spark is sped :  
Where’er life is, is heard the voice of weeping,  
But peace her wing folds o’er the hallowed dead.

Ah, dreamless sleepers ! banished now far from you  
Are all harsh sounds of turmoil and unrest :  
Earth’s arrow-ills no more have power to wound you,  
Sacred your place of slumber, tranquil, blest.  
The stately river hath no retrogression,  
But to the ocean bears its mighty wave,  
And thus, unresting, moveth death’s procession,  
With life, to this life’s bourne, the shrouding grave.

O kindly mother Earth! unto thy keeping

We now resign this dear one, safe with thee,

To wait the morning of the resurrection,

When soul and body shall united be,

And beautiful it seemed, that her dear sons,

Of fushed to happy slumber on her breast,

With gentle, reverent hands, should be the ones

To lay her down to sweet, untroubled rest.

And hark! amid the green leaves o'er us wreathing,

How the winds seem to whisper, soft and low,

Like spirit voices, tremulously breathing

A requiem sweet for her who sleeps below.

Slow fades the day, though gloriously, in dying,

The sun bright death-clouds doth around him fold:

Those clouds glad morning promise are supplying —

Life's triumph promise, in the sunset's gold.

And, while the pale moon brightened in the gloaming,

And quiet stars gathered around night's throne,

I could but think how sad was the returning  
To that lorn house that could not seem like home ;  
No wife and mother there with welcome waiting,  
With voice of cheer and ever ready smile —  
Waiting for dear ones with glad words of greeting —  
But loneliness usurps her place the while.

But even death no power has to sever  
Our thoughts, our souls, from loved ones "gone before";  
Still of our lives they seem a part, and ever  
Seem loving us : and we, we love them more :  
And love can brighten all life's darksome way,  
And parted ones shall find their bliss complete  
When on grief's night is dawning radiant day,  
For joy comes in the morning when they meet.

Lo, the fair flowers, when the chill frost-blight falleth,  
Seem they not dead in winter's icy tomb ?  
When loving Springtime to her nurslings calleth,  
Joyous they hear her voice, and Earth's abloom.

God is our Spring, and when He calls, "awaken!"

His voice goes echoing o'er death's shores of gloom;  
Earth hears—the sea obeys—death's powers are shaken.

And whom we now call dead, in life immortal bloom.

A. ISABELLE HORTON.

NEBRASKA CITY.

## THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.

(SUBJECTIVE.)

### I.

Sayest thou, "There is saddest marvel  
In the change that we undergo;  
A quick, fierce throb, and the heart is still,  
And the red blood stops in its flow?

"That there comes an end to affection  
When all love can do, it is done"?  
Once, and I scoffed at the gift of life,  
With such ill under the sun.

### II.

I was watching alone at midnight —  
Watching the face of my dead;  
On her breast I had lain white lilies,  
On her pillow put roses red.

But, nothing to me were the lilies,  
And as naught were the roses red ;  
Only her hand had nurtured the blooms,  
So I strewed them on her bed.

And I sat in a bitter musing,  
Through the dark night's lonely hours ;  
The while the wind from the orchard boughs,  
Scattered the orchard flowers —

Down breaking the promise of May-time,  
And robbing the autumn of fruit ;  
I said, " Thus endeth the toil of a man ;  
Thus faileth each fond pursuit."

And my heart, it quailed in its anguish ;  
That night I was taught of the woe  
The soul that is in the world alone,  
And but lives for itself, must know.



## III.

From the east shot streaks of the dawning —

Dawn's pencilings, purple and bright ;  
The glad, sweet songs of the birds arose,  
An anthem of greeting to light :

Rose the sun, and the night winds were quiet —

The night winds, so cruel and strong ;  
Ah ! joy cometh back with the morning,  
Though night it be weary and long.

For, are we not made in such fashion —

The chords of the spirit so strung —  
That the Father of Spirits, these answer,  
When the strings by His fingers are rung.

I was not aware of the process —

Knew not these were touches divine —  
But saw, in the sun, that the dew-drops  
With glamour of opals did shine.

And marked the full flow of the day spring,  
Saw the black sky brighten to blue,  
Felt quickening life in the moving earth,  
As the quivering motion grew.

It was not that my reason could follow  
This passing from death into life ;  
'Twas the undertone in a song of war,  
That doth promise an end to strife.

Then I turned from the open window,  
Looked down on the moveless dead ;  
The face had calm, as a saint of God,  
When the doubt is gone, and dread.

I tell thee—say not it was fancy—  
In my soul a seed there was sown,  
Of faith, which is strongest assurance—  
A faith with the years that has grown.

Then knew I, the life is not ended  
When its work in our world is done :  
Shall the night break forth into morning ?  
Shall the fruit from the germ be won ?

And shall love lose its full fruition ?  
Shall duty have only to-day ?  
Shall the leal who carry life's crosses  
Pass by, as the clouds pass away ?

Clouds cannot pass till their fullness  
Hath entered the tilth as rain ;  
Dew that dissolves, there is chemic art  
Resolves into golden grain.

Death, in the world, lo ! it is not ;  
From changes new life the earth takes :  
Shall God so clothe the grass of the field,  
And slay the man-soul that He makes ?

Whatever He doeth is perfect :

There is naught that hinders His plan :  
For life that must last He graveth deep  
Love—hope, in the heart of a man.

“Dead,” still thou sayest, “the wife that I love,  
And I buried the dead form deep,”  
Nay: since that sun did conquer that night,  
Death hath not my treasure to keep.

#### IV.

Yet, why do I tell thee this story,  
While darkness around thee is drawn?  
Haply, the Master may take my clay  
To open thine eyes to the dawn.

The light shineth white in the darkness,  
But, unseen of the blinded eye;  
Doubt is that dulleth the hearing ear,  
So it heeds not the morn's watch-cry.

Still, never is glimmer of sunshine,  
Water drop in a bubbling well,  
Nor a tree that the hard soil beareth,  
Which doth not life's mystery tell.

The Lord of Life hath the secret of life :  
From thee fear maketh it far ;  
But, brother of mine, the life is thine —  
Is more than the life in a star.

The star it will change in its fashion —  
Though change is not death, as I trow :  
Our breath, of His breath is very part,  
Our change is a passing show.

We change : ah, we strip off a garment :  
We pass a brief threshold step by :  
But the life, that is not the raiment,  
In the step, lo ! soul doth not die :

The Lord of Life hath the secret of life,

The work of His hands shall endure ;

In cloud, in star, in soul of a man,

Each life by His being is sure.

OSCAR A. MULLON.













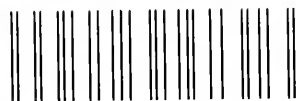








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